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# THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE



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A RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY ON ALL MATTERS PERTAINING TO NORTHWESTERN PROGRESS

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In this issue: { A Week's Outing at Swan Lake, Mont.  
Duluth in 1898.  
Minnesota Territorial Pioneers.

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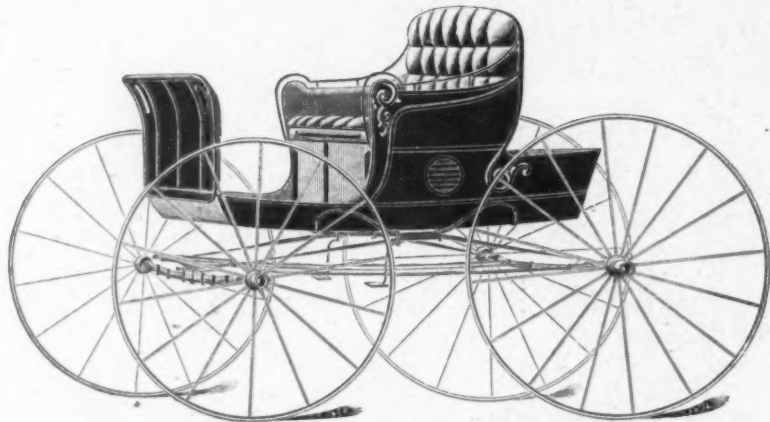
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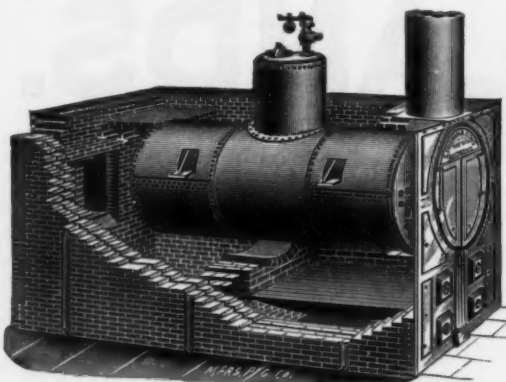


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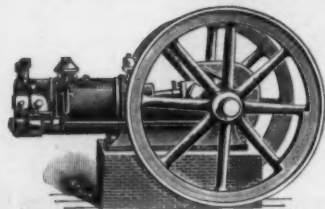
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## A WEEK'S OUTING AT SWAN LAKE, MONTANA.

By E. G. Strickland.

"All ready?" called father.

"All ready!" was the answer.

There was a rickety sort of creak as the heavily-loaded wagon started forward, and at last we were off for a week's outing at Swan Lake. My sister and I rode ahead on our little, wiry cayuses. Father, mother, and Mrs. G— were in the wagon with the camping outfit, while brother George and Charlie C—, driving my two cousins in a light "democrat," followed in the rear. Packed away in the wagon were tents, bedding, fishing-tackle, books to press flowers in, guns, ammunition, and last, but not least, boxes of "grub."

Down the town hill we went, with brakes creaking with unpleasant sharpness against the wheels; then through the green woods and over the Stillwater, the river looking like a silver ribbon, as it lay between its banks of fir. Through more woods we wound our way, till we came out on the banks of the broad Flathead River, which we followed, for a short space, to again plunge into woods, finally emerging where the steel bridge crosses the Flathead—here swift and deep, but so clear that we could see the trout swimming around or lying upon the stones at the bottom.

After crossing the bridge, we passed around Rielie's Hill. On our left, the hill rose in natural terraces and was clothed with majestic pines, devoid of underbrush and covered with every shade of wild flower; on our right it fell away so suddenly and steeply that we were driving on a level with the tops of the tall pines and tamaracks which grew at the bottom. A little farther on we left the woods behind us and obtained an unobstructed view of one of the most beautiful portions of the Flathead Valley. This view is always a surprise to strangers. To stand in Kalispell and look east to the mountains, one would think one had only to pass through three or four miles of timber to reach the foot of the mountains, and it is always astonishing to come upon this tract of land fifteen miles wide, with its fertile farm-lands, rolling hills, clumps of timber, and lovely lakes.

It was noon before we reached our ranch. Here we stopped to feed our horses and eat our lunch, which consisted of sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, crackers, cheese, gingerbread, and preserves, washed down with delicious cold

water brought from the spring at the foot of the hill.

Lunch over, we resumed our journey. The road turned to the south, after leaving the ranch, and ran through the bottom-lands, so called from their being a good deal lower than the surrounding country, and generally deeply wooded, except for an occasional beaver or hay meadow. The soil is rich and black in these meadows, and immense crops of timothy are raised from them every year. In the fall, during the rainy season, or when it is breaking up in the spring, the roads through these bottom-lands are almost impassable, but as we had had little or no rain to speak of for some time, the road was in fine condition and we wended our way along rapidly, chatting gayly and enjoying the sweet aroma from pine, fir, spruce and tamarack, and occasionally stopping to gather the service-berries and salmon-berries, which grew in large quantities by the roadside.

Leaving the bottom-lands behind us, we climbed a steep, rocky hill; and, oh, what a lovely picture was spread before our gaze! On our right, and in front of us, stretched the grain-fields, the shocks standing so closely that there was barely room for a wagon to pass between them. In the midst of these fields of yellow grain rose a number of rugged, rocky hills crowned with regal pine, looking like islands in a yellow sea. On our left stretched a dense forest to the foot of the grand old Rockies, which towered majestically over all. In the hollows between the hills, about a stone's throw from the road, lay two pretty little lakes. One was in a pasture field, and a lot of calves were quenching their thirst from its cool waters. On the

side of the hill above the lake was a little white fence, marking the last resting place of an old half-breed who had been killed a number of years before in a drunken brawl.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we passed through a wildly beautiful spot. On either side of the road towered walls of rugged rock; great boulders, which looked as if they might fall and crush one, hung in crevices of the rock or were lodged against some mighty giant of the forest. Over the boulders, and in the crevices, vines grew in tangled profusion. Clematis, with its soft, silken seed-pods, climbed side by side with the yellow trumpet-honeysuckle. Deep in cave-like hollows, lined with moss, grew little rock ferns, bleached white, for into their cool, mossy homes the sun's rays never penetrate.

My sister and I were riding ahead, awed into silent admiration by the riches of this storehouse of nature's loveliness, when all at once she broke the silence with an exclamation of surprise:

"Just look, Grace! What on earth is that ahead of us?"

I looked up, and was as much astonished as she was. About half a mile ahead of us, the sky appeared to meet the earth. There it was—a great, blue expanse. It really seemed as if



BEAUTIFUL SWAN LAKE, IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, MONT.

"The purple mantle of twilight had fallen, while from the glassy surface of the lake was reflected the glories of tinted clouds and mountain-peak."





FLATHEAD LAKE, IN ROCKY MOUNTAINS, MONT.

"... that beautiful sheet of water, thirty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide, lying at the foot of the snow-covered Rockies."

the sky had fallen and barred our further progress. Suddenly, out on the blue expanse a white speck appeared; then another and another, only to vanish as quickly as they came.

"The Flathead Lake!" exclaimed my sister; and the lake it was, that beautiful sheet of water, thirty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide, lying at the foot of the snow-covered Rockies. Near the shore it was as calm as a mirror, reflecting back wooded banks and snow-crowned peaks with beautiful effect. Far out, where the breeze swept its bosom, the waves glistened and glistened like silver in the sun's bright rays. We followed its bank for a quarter of a mile, till we reached the Big Fork, that picturesque little river, which, rising in Swan Lake, pours its waters with noisy impetuosity through its narrow, rocky bed into the Flathead Lake. There we dismounted and waited for the rest of the party to come up; and glad enough were we to stretch our stiffened limbs, which were beginning to feel the effects of our long ride.

The wagons soon hove in sight, and there was a chorus of delight as the party caught a glimpse of the river. They all got out, and then we clambered down the steep banks to the water's edge. Some of the more adventurous spirits were not content to stay on shore, but leaped from boulder to boulder till they stood far out in the seething waters. There is something particularly fascinating in standing thus with the green waters tearing around your slippery foothold, as if they would wrest it from beneath you, and feeling upon your face the cool draughts which the waters seem to bring with them. Shout as we would to one another, our voices were swallowed up in the roaring of the waters; it was only by signaling that we were made to understand that we must leave this enchanting spot and continue our journey.

The road had been fairly good, so far, but as we continued to approach Swan Lake it became extremely rough, and so narrow in places that there was barely room for the wagon. We were between the rugged wall on one side, and the deep gulch, with the river foaming along at its bottom, on the other side. Here I felt the advantage of being on horseback. My vehicle friends were compelled to cling frantically to their respective seats, the wagons, as they struck projecting rocks, lurching danger-

ously near the edge of the ravine.

About sunset we reached a rude cabin built of logs, from the open door of which came the odor of frying bacon. We drew up before the cabin to inquire how much farther we had to go before we should reach the lake. At the sound of the wagon, a man came to the door and stared curiously at us.

"Good-day! How far do you call it to the lake?" he was asked.

"Well, I reckon 'tain't more'n tew or three miles, stranger. Be ye out camping?"

His curiosity was satisfied, and then we wished to know if there was good fishing in the lake.

"Well, it altogether depends on what yer call good fishing," he

declared, poisoning himself on his toes and squirting tobacco juice right and left. "I've seen the day when I could go out before breakfast and catch from one hundred to one hundred and fifty as fine-looking trout as yer ever sot eyes on." And from our own experience, later, I do not think he was guilty of stretching the truth.

As we started away, he called after us to say that if we forded the river at Dickonson's ford, about half a mile farther up, we would find much the best camping-grounds on the other side of the river. Thanking him for his trouble, we drove on and were soon at the ford, into which the horses were unwillingly forced. The water was very shallow for some distance from the bank, but as we neared the other shore it became so deep and swift that the horses kept their feet with difficulty, and glad enough were we to climb the opposite bank and be safe on terra firma once more.

The sun had set, by the time we reached the lake, but its rays still lingered over the mountain peaks at the far end of the water, bathing their rugged tops in a rosy glow. Over the base of the mountains and the foothills the purple mantle of twilight had fallen, while from the glassy surface of the lake was reflected the glories of tinted cloud and mountain-peak.

"Three cheers for Swan Lake and two for some grub!" called the leader of our expedition, and they were given with such heartiness that a chorus of mocking hurrahs was echoed back from the hills around.

We pitched our camps, three in number, in a semi-circle facing the lake. A roaring bonfire was built in front, over which we cooked our supper. Our long journey had sharpened our appetites to so keen an edge that the victuals disappeared with astonishing rapidity, which occasioned the remark that "if we didn't draw in our horns" we would have to return to Kalispell for more supplies. □ □

An hour later we "turned in" for our much-needed rest. Gradually the murmur of voices died away. One by one the party slipped into dreamland, and a deep silence came over the camp, broken only by the occasional hoot of an owl, or by the snarling of mountain-lions in the hills at the back of the camp.

The next morning I was awakened by a hearty shake:

"Get up! you lazy thing; we are just going to eat breakfast," was yelled into my ears.

"All right!" I cried. "I'll be dressed in a jiffy."

But it was more easily said than done; for who ever dressed in a "jiffy" in a camp where, after a vain hunt for skirts and waists, you find them under some other person's pillow, where they have been used as an extra bolster? All one's hairpins will be found appropriated, too; and, nine times out of ten, the surplus toilet articles are in the last satchel you rummage through!

I was dressed, at last, and, emerging from the tent, found the whole company eating breakfast and discussing plans for the day. It was decided that we should make an excursion up the lake. Three of us were to go mounted, the others taking to the boat. Mrs. G—, my cousin, and myself, chose the horses as our means of conveyance, and, taking a couple of shotguns and a box of cartridges, started ahead, leaving the rest to follow later.

It was a glorious day! The sun poured down its radiance from a sky of turquoise blue; a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the lake; and the birds filled the woods with melody. For about a mile we followed a trail along the bank, but as we pushed farther up the lake, the foothills approached the shore so closely that the sloping bank became a rugged wall of rock. At the foot of this wall ran a pebbly beach about six feet wide, and along this we rode until we reached a rocky point running out into the lake. Here the beach ended, and we were forced to stop and dismount. Leaving our horses, we climbed along the shore until we found an ideal spot on the mossy rocks be-



BIG FORK RIVER, MONT.

"... that picturesque little river, which, rising in Swan Lake, pours its waters with noisy impetuosity through its narrow, rocky bed into Flathead Lake."

neath some shady pines, where we decided to have our lunch. Leaving Mrs. G—to signal the rest of the party where to land, my cousin and I took our guns and proceeded to climb the rocky foothills behind us in quest of adventure. This was no easy task, for the steep hillside offered but little foothold, and it was only by clinging on to the small saplings that we prevented ourselves from sliding back into the lake; but after hoisting and helping each other from one rocky ledge to another, we at last gained the top of the hill. Here we found an old pack-trail, which we followed. After walking half an hour without seeing so much as a squirrel, we turned back in disgust. We had not retraced our steps far, however, before a rustling in the brush by the path attracted our attention, and, before either of us could speak, out into the path walked a mountain-lion. For one moment the beast stopped in full sight. With its right foot a little in advance of the other, and its head turned slightly over its shoulder, it stood slashing its side with its tail and looking curiously at us. Suddenly, with a low snarl, it leaped nimbly into the brush and disappeared from view. We had both stood paralyzed as the great, tawny creature leaped into the path, but now we glanced at each other and burst out laughing—our faces white and our eyes wide with astonishment. We had met a mountain-lion face to face, and neither of us had even remembered that guns were at hand. Perhaps it was just as well, for if we had dared to fire, the bird-shot with which our guns were loaded would have had but little effect; and although, if unmolested, they can be frightened away by a hearty yell, a wounded mountain-lion is not an easy thing to handle. When we finally returned to lunch, we found that the other members of the party had not been idle, as a long string of fine trout, held up with conscious pride by brother, amply testified.

After lunch we amused ourselves by clambering about on the shore and rowing on the lake until the evening twilight warned us that it was time to return to camp, which we reached just as the moon, showing its jolly face over the mountain top, bathed the lake in a silvery flood.

In the morning, cousin and I arose at half-past five and went partridge hunting, proceeding up the lake about half a mile to a morass which ran back into the mountains, around which black and red hawthorns grew in large quantities, covered with their ripening berries. Partridges are particularly fond of these berries, and they can always be found in the early morning, or in the evening, feeding on the ripe fruit. It was hard work, pushing our way through the tangled branches and clambering over the fallen logs. We had not gone far, though, before a large covey flew up directly in front of us. Our guns spoke out simultaneously, and two fine birds came to earth. Hastily picking them up, we followed in the direction the escaping birds had taken. They had evidently scattered when they rose; so we decided to separate, one keeping along the bank, the other going farther into the woods. Suddenly I caught sight of a plump bird running along a fallen pine, about fifty yards in front of me; I raised my gun, fired, and then leaped to one side, out of the way of the smoke, just in time to see my game take a somersault off the log.

Bang! bang! bang! came the sound of three rapid shots from the direction my cousin had taken, and a moment later came a loud—"Ho! Grace." I pushed my way to where she was, and found that she had run upon another covey. Birds were whirring away in every direction, and we shot at them excitedly for

about ten minutes, missing some and bringing down others. At last we stopped to take breath and to gather up our spoils, which consisted of twenty fine birds. Deciding that we had had enough sport for one morning, we wended our way back to camp, where we feasted on fried trout and roasted partridges.

The following afternoon, as we sat on the lake shore, a flat-boat with a sail hoisted upon it passed up the lake, on board of which were a number of men, two teams of horses, a wagon, and a mower. They were bound for the large marshes at the head of the lake, where they cut and put up large quantities of wild hay every year. As we watched it sailing slowly by, we saw the men run to the side of the boat and point excitedly toward an island a short distance ahead of them, and a moment later a rifle shot rang out over the water. Looking in the direction they were pointing, we saw a deer plunge into the lake and strike out for the opposite shore. As quickly as possible, the men on the barge lowered a boat; and then began an exciting chase. The deer had the advantage, having only to swim straight across from the island to the shore, while the men, being below the island, had that distance to make up. The deer swam finely; but slowly and surely they began to gain on it. When about one hundred and fifty yards behind it, the man in the bow raised his rifle and fired, but the shot flew high and struck the water beyond. The rifleman was not to be discouraged, however, and so he fired again. This shot evidently took effect; the deer plunged violently a number of times, kept steadily on its way, and a moment later there was a hurrah from our party as the noble creature gained the shore. But our exultation was of short duration, for after a couple of short leaps up the bank, the poor thing suddenly sank down on its side and expired. That last shot had reached a vital spot, and put an end to the deer's brief life.

The rest of the week was spent in fishing and hunting, and on Friday we broke camp and started home. We were loath to leave this enchanting spot, but there was work to be done, and our pleasure days must be side-tracked for an indefinite period. The good mother, however, was determined that, if we must go, we should at least take some of nature's beauties with us; so a number of thrifty mountain ash, syringas, and flowering currants were stowed away in the wagon and are now "flourishing like a green bay-tree" in our garden—a standing, or, better, a growing, monument to our week's outing at Swan Lake.

#### TALES OF THE MINES.

A party of men at the court-house were talking about mining experiences the other day, when the conversation drifted toward accidents.

"There is no use talking," said one of the men, "99 per cent of the accidents in mines, whether they involve loss of life or not, are caused through ignorance or gross carelessness. The miners should be better trained, and then they would realize the danger of any kind of carelessness in their business."

"Yes, that's so," remarked A. B. Keith, private secretary to the governor; "but you



FLATHEAD RIVER, MONT.

"..... here swift and deep, but so clear that we could see the trout swimming around, or lying upon the stones at the bottom."

forget that it is in the training of men that accidents often occur. All experienced miners were new in the business once. They have got to learn by working in the mines. A Swede, who hadn't been over long, told me that he was out of a job and wanted to learn to be a miner. He asked me to help him get a place in a mine, and, as I knew him to be a steady man and actually needing employment, I thought I would put him to work out on one of my Lump Gulch properties. He got along fairly well, and at the end of the week he had had only three or four narrow escapes from death. He was earnest and faithful, and it was this characteristic, carried to an extreme, that brought about an incident which scared the rest of the men pretty badly and left him in the land of the living by a narrow margin. The incident happened this way:

"Olson was working as top man, and he discovered that several sticks of giant powder lying near the shaft had caught fire at one end. Overwhelmed with the idea of not wasting any powder, he seized a shovel and proceeded to cut off the burning ends, which he scooped up and carried down the hillside, so that when they exploded they would not blow the shaft out of the ground and over into the next township. Providence, which has had so much to do with Lump Gulch, again interfered and prevented an explosion which would have ushered him without ceremony into the 'Swede bye and bye,' as it were.

"Later on he developed the idea of dropping tools down the shaft to the men, to save the bother of sending them down in the bucket.

"Olson concluded, however, that he would quit mining and get married, but soon after said to me, regretfully, 'Ay tank ay haf bad luck; when ay fend a got girl, she turn out to be a woman'—meaning, of course, that she was married to someone else.

"For his own sake, it was a good thing for Olson to 'come backward to town,' as he expressed it, for of such are the kingdom of heaven, if they stay long enough in Lump Gulch."—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*





#### The Red River Valley.

A topographical and geological survey of the Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota will shortly be made under the direction of the United States Geological Survey.

#### Hood River Strawberries.

Last year 18,312 crates of strawberries were shipped from Hood River, Ore.; this season the number of crates sent away was 38,000, an increase of more than 110 per cent. The average price received for this year's crop was \$1.45 per crate, or \$55,100 for the crop, besides what was needed for home consumption.

#### Seven Millions Gained in one Year.

Individual deposits in the national banks of Oregon, Washington and Idaho at the close of business on May 5, 1898, were \$24,006,330. Oregon's total is \$8,932,738, Washington's \$12,854,814, Idaho's \$2,308,778.

At the close of business on May 14, 1897, individual deposits in the national banks of the Northwest were: Oregon \$7,404,164, Washington \$7,935,120, Idaho \$1,784,653; total, \$17,123,937. The increase in a little less than one year was a fraction short of \$7,000,000; or, to be exact, \$6,972,393.—*Tacoma (Wash.) West Coast Trade.*

#### More Dunkards for Washington.

A large party of Dunkards from Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska recently located in the Sunnyside Country in Washington, near the famous Schultze irrigation ditch, now the property of the Yakima (Wash.) Investment Company. Land was purchased outright by the leaders of the party, among whom are two bank presidents and three elders and ministers. All appear to be men of standing and comparative wealth. They assert that not a long time will elapse before another party of their people will come to the same district and purchase lands. These people were secured through the agency of the Northern Pacific Railway Company.

#### Hotels on Wheels.

The United States Indian Commission has just placed a contract with the Winona Wagon Company, of Winona, Minn., for two big wagons in which will be embodied curious and unique features, says the *Winona Herald*. They are to be used by the members of the commission having in charge the taking of the census of the five civilized tribes on the Indian reservation, and they will be fitted with offices, sleeping apartments, and a kitchen in which will be cooked the meals for the party. The wagons will be extra heavy, and will require four horses to draw them. The wagons, as planned, will be a combined office-building and hotel on wheels, and they will present a fine appearance.

#### Mountain Huckleberries in Idaho.

On the lower hills near Wallace, Idaho, an occasional ripe huckleberry is found, and it will not be long until there will be plenty of them.

Higher up the mountains they are later, and ripe ones can be found at any time from now until hard frosts come next fall.

The crop promises to be an abundant one, the bushes everywhere being loaded with green berries. It is only once in two or three years that there is a full crop, the frost usually killing them except in favored localities. In good seasons they are found all over the mountains, and they may be gathered for so long a time that the crop is one possessing considerable value. There is little likelihood of any weather to injure them after they are so far along as now.—*Wallace (Id.) Miner.*

#### Western Washington Wheat.

The Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger* says that the belief that milling wheat could not be grown in Western Washington has been disproved, and it is probable that in the future that part of the State, in addition to the regular enormous crops of lumber and shingles, fish, fruit, hops, hay, vegetables, oats and chicken-feed wheat, will add milling wheat, such as demands the highest price in the world's markets.

It is shown by actual experiment that first-class wheat can be grown upon the high lands of that section, 150 acres in Pierce County, producing last year 5,000 bushels of blue stem, weighing fifty-four pounds to the bushel and selling for eighty-five cents per bushel.

This year the same farmer has 400 acres of wheat that is estimated to average thirty bushels per acre of first-class milling wheat, which would seem to settle the question of the possibilities of Western Washington as a wheat-growing section.

#### A Growing Idaho Town.

"Can Lewiston ever hope to be a city of manufacturing importance?" writes a correspondent making inquiry into the possibilities of the place. Yes. Why not? Power for this purpose is ample and destined to be cheap. The power of two mighty rivers can be harnessed and utilized at this point to turn the wheels of a hundred mills and factories.

And the field for manufacturing enterprises is practically unlimited. With the finest unbroken forest of pine-lands on the continent, the people are obliged to ship lumber for building from the Sound 500 miles away; in the center of the greatest wheat-raising country of the world, flour for home consumption is shipped here in car-load lots; and in a renowned fruit valley in the midst of prolific orchards, hundreds of car-loads of canned fruits are shipped in each season. Cattle and hogs are shipped out of the country and later shipped back again as products of the packing-house.

Creameries, canneries, saw-mills, grist-mills and woolen-mills are among the possibilities of a city whose tributary country is a producer of the raw material and a consumer of the finished product. Lewiston as a commercial center has advantages as a distributing point that are acknowledged by all. Lewiston as a manufacturing center will command a larger field and reach in development a still greater future. The possibilities in this direction are not without strong probability of realization.—*Lewiston (Id.) Teller.*

#### Pacific Coast Prunes.

It is now reasonably certain that the prune crop of Oregon, Washington and Idaho will this year be not less than 20,000,000 pounds. No one need be surprised if it turns out 25,000,000 pounds. "Up to the present time," the Portland (Ore.) *Agriculturist* says, "the trees and fruit are in unusually healthy condition. The only unsatisfactory phase so far developed is the overloaded condition of many of the

trees. This is especially the case with French prune-trees. Many Italian trees also are carrying a great excess of fruit, and would be benefited if much of the fruit were removed. The greater part of the excess will probably drop from the Italian trees before the fruit is ripe, but too late to be of much benefit to the trees and the prunes which ripen. The prune-growers of the Northwest have been making steady and rapid progress in curing prunes, and we confidently expect the best average results in the quality of our output, this year, which have ever been obtained."

#### Seen in the Milk River Country, Mont.

Moses Folsom, general immigration agent of the Great Northern Railway, returned recently from an extended trip through Montana, and especially the Milk River Country. When asked what he saw and heard in Montana, he said:

"I saw a wool compress at work in a Chinook warehouse, crushing three bags into a single bale. It was a part of Montana's 30,000,000-pound crop of this year, with prizes varying from fourteen to seventeen cents, the highest figures since the repeal of the McKinley tariff.

"I heard an orchestra of Indian boys play for a Fourth of July dance at Glasgow, and it was a very nice party, too, and there were a half-dozen St. Paul people in it.

"I saw cowboys busting broncos as a part of the programme on the Fourth at Glasgow, and beg to recommend it as a very lively sport.

"I saw a quarter-section of land near Chinook, sold last summer for \$1,500, which yielded the purchaser \$1,600 worth of hay in the fall. And there are hundreds of just as good quarter-sections of land in the Milk River Valley subject to free entry under the homestead law. There is a very fine stand of grain on the farms around Chinook.

"I saw the man at Kalispell for whom Traill County, North Dakota, was named. He is now farming in the Flathead Valley, and told me that for five years his wheat crop had averaged a little over thirty bushels to the acre each year.

"I saw an upright piano and a guitar in the house of a farmer near Chinook who went into the Milk River Valley as a laborer. I heard the farmer play one instrument and the wife another.

"I saw a Montana farmer with a ton of strawberries on his wagon.

"I saw at Kalispell the largest residence in Montana.

"I heard an Indian on the street whistling 'Hot Time.'

"I saw thousands of Montana cattle, ready for market, which never had a mouthful of feed except native grasses, and no shelter except the sky."

#### The Mushrooms of Manitoba.

In many countries the mushroom is raised with difficulty and is produced on ground specially prepared with much care and labor, states the *Western Prairie* of Cypress River, Man., but in Manitoba, wherever a field or garden has been enriched, and along the roadside on the prairie, mushrooms spring up spontaneously, generally being allowed to go to waste, as few persons know their value or are afraid of being poisoned by mistaking an unknown fungus for a mushroom.

Sometimes even mushrooms are not fit for food, for these curious productions of nature should not be permitted to stand in the heat of the sun; they spring up in the night, and should be gathered early in the morning. The best are those that have only cracked and upheaved the earth, not yet appearing above ground; they resemble in appearance a porcelain



knob of a door, are white and solid, and when peeled and fried in sufficient butter have an agreeable taste.

Those who are accustomed to the delicacy become exceedingly fond of them, and there is no other country in the world where they can be had of such excellent quality without care or labor. Like oysters, they must be taken often before they can be relished, and then they will be properly valued and eagerly sought. Mushrooms are now so plentiful along the prairie roads, that in taking a drive of a few miles into the country one can easily fill a small basket.

#### Minnesota's Creamery Growth.

Minnesota's semi-annual census of creameries, cheese factories and skimming stations, just completed by Assistant Dairy Commissioner Lawrence, shows a notable growth of the dairy industry since the last census in 1896. At that time there were 445 creamery plants in the State, against a total of 666 now, a gain of

remarkably good showing. It is especially gratifying to note the steady and successful development of this great industry in the central and northern portions of the State. For a long time the idea was held that only Southern Minnesota was adapted to profitable dairying, but it is now known that just as good butter, and perhaps just as much, can be made in other sections of the State.

Nineteen-twentieths of the creameries are conducted on the co-operative plan, and the number of patrons to a creamery ranges from fifty to 150, the number of cows varying accordingly. As the co-operative method has already proven so successful in Iowa and Wisconsin, it is more than probable that it will be continued in Minnesota, where conditions are similar.

The cheese-making department of the dairy business of the State does not show very rapid growth, though there is quite an increase in the number of plants. In 1897 there were about seventy cheese factories in the various

will have a new dress and John will get a new suit of broadcloth, and it will truly be a happy season for the harvesters of a plentiful crop.

"North Dakota," the gentleman said, "as well as the entire Northwest, has only commenced to be developed agriculturally. At present the farmers of all our Northwestern States hang on to four or five commonplace staples, and do not give as much attention as they should to crops which would diversify the farm and make more profitable the harvest. No one will urge that we should grow less wheat, oats, barley or flax, yet there are many crops equally great in importance which lend to the diversity of the farm. For instance, sorghum is a crop of which very little is grown in Minnesota and scarcely any in the Dakotas. It has been proved, beyond a doubt, that this crop can be advantageously grown in all this section with great profit.

"Cauliflower is another crop which every farmer should grow from ten to fifty acres of. Our climate is especially adapted for this plant,



WHY OUR COUNTRY IS INVINCIBLE.

The above engraving for which we are indebted to the *Northwestern Farmer*, of St. Paul, is a fair example of the district schools which are everywhere seen on the great plains and prairies of the growing Northwest. Education and population go hand in hand. There is no ignorance here, no stagnation. The sturdy boy and the wholesome lass will ever people the country with self-reliant men and women, to whom patriotism is natural and for whom liberty is an inalienable birth-right. Old Glory never will be in want of defenders so long as the stars and stripes wave from the flagstaves of our public schools.

221. Each of the country creameries has fifty to 150 patrons, according to the size of the plant, and in most of the counties the farmers control the dairy industry, a very small per cent of the butter-making institutions being operated by private ownership.

It is a significant fact that the greatest increase in the number of creameries organized does not show in the figures from the old dairy sections, but from those in the central part of the State and in Northern sections where the grazing-lands are most fruitful. For instance, in Aitkin County not a single creamery was recorded when the last census was made, and at present there are four flourishing brick plants in the county, while several others are being talked of. The largest increases are shown in the counties of Sibley, Redwood, Le Sueur, Lac qui Parle, Blue Earth, Goodhue, Rice, and Faribault.

Out of a total of eighty-one counties in the State, sixty-nine have creameries, the average number exceeding nine to a county. This is a

counties; now there are eighty-five. It is evident that this branch of the dairy industry needs substantial encouragement from the State dairy commissioners. It calls for a higher degree of skill than the creamery business does, and perhaps it is more difficult to find a permanent market for the output; but once let reputation be established and maintained on strict grounds of quality, and the demand will be as general as it will be profitable.

#### Brilliant Prospects for North Dakota.

A well-informed North Dakota gentleman, who was in St. Paul the latter part of July, remarked that never before in the history of the State have the prospects for a bountiful harvest been so promising as they are today. Stretched out as far as the eye can reach, one sees nothing but the waving golden-crowned wheat-fields when traveling through the State by rail. With the harvesting of another crop the old mortgage, which has hung over the homestead for years, will disappear, and Mary

and if the farmers would grow it in quantities it would result in a number of canning factories being operated in the Dakotas and Minnesota to preserve the product for export. A couple of hundred dollars an acre can be made out of this crop. Rape seed is another product which is given but little attention by the farmers. It grows in great quantity to the acre, and is invaluable to the feeder and breeder of live stock.

"Our farmers are fast realizing the advantage of a variation in the grange. With wheat at seventy cents per bushel and a crop that more frequently goes ten bushels to the acre than twenty, the profit of a diversified product can be readily seen.

"It is almost beyond belief—the way North Dakota has settled up during the last year. Where there was nothing but a vast expanse of prairie a couple of years ago, are now little settlements, and the prairies are dotted here and there with the home of the frontier settler, doing his share in the great world's harvest."



"When the confinement grew too oppressive,.... we picked up Little Lamereaux and placed him on the piano stool."

## A CAD IN HEMATITE.

By Louise Robinson.

"I tell you, fellows, I'm proud of the Hematite Club!" said Dick Dolby, throwing himself into an arm-chair before the fire. "It is a never-ceasing wonder that such a piece of metropolitan comfort can exist so far from 'God's country.'"

"I'm not so sure that it is not 'God's country,'" Jack Ranger replied. "Didn't Father Marquette say that when the rest of the world had been erected the odds and ends were dumped into the great lakes and made the northern peninsula of Michigan? Isn't the Mesaba Range a part of that same last bit of creation?"

"Some nice, rich pickings in these odds and ends," Ned Thornton observed, who had passed the half-million mark since he became owner of the "Mercury" mine.

Then we all fell into a silent contemplation of the club. The polished floors were my especial delight. Their rugs of fur and mats from the Orient appealed to my love of soft fabrics and colors. Dick enjoyed the huge fire-place, with its handsome tiling and crackling fire of tamarack, which he said winked at him and "jollied" him up when he came in feeling blue. I think it was Tommy Holman who most enjoyed the steam radiators, and I know that Ned Thornton had a violent love for the twinkling lights which looked out of fantastic globes upon the pleasures of "bachelor's hall." We all united in enjoying the books which lined one end of the large parlor, and Jim Redmond was quite devoted to the fine china which little Lamereaux had brought over on his last trip from Paris. We all liked Mose, the dusky African, who acted as butler, boots and valet to the whole club. To see him trying to talk with John, our Celestial cook, was one of the standard comedies of the club, nightly on the boards.

We had fore-gathered from as remote parts of the world as our possessions had. Ned Thorn-

ton had "Briton" bristling all over him; Jim Redmond was from Dublin; Lamereaux sighed for Paris; Jack Ranger hailed from Melbourne, and I had drifted in from New York. The other members had come from half the States in the Union and some of the Provinces of Canada. Our little set had the most leisure, and nightly we gathered around the fire to argue theories, tell yarns, talk books, and wonder what the big world was really doing. For in spite of the fact that the table was piled high with the latest magazines, and that one or another of the little clique was continually running down to Mexico, out to the Pacific or down to New York, we felt hemmed in by the thickly-crowded hills of the Mesaba. When the confinement grew too oppressive of an evening, we picked up little Lamereaux and placed him on the piano stool with the injunction to "shout," and he would raise his clear tenor in the catchy chansons of the Paris stage. If Jim Redmond would not give us Irish recitals upon demand, we gently tossed him up and down in our arms until he ceased to kick and became answerable to reason. I was occasionally invited to deliver a lecture on anatomy, and, rather than receive the contents of the punch-bowl upon my head, I waxed eloquent over the mortal frame of man.

Tonight we had exhausted every possible topic of interest, and sat moodily puffing smoke toward the fire-place, when Ned remarked, savagely:

"He's a cad!"

For some minutes no one spoke. This daring exhibition of our club skeleton was not to be treated lightly. At last Jack Ranger nodded, slowly:

"You mean White, I suppose?"

Ned grunted, and Lamereaux said:

"The name, it is not right, I think. He is not what you call 'white.'"

"Right you are, little 'un," said Jim, and again we relapsed into silence.

When White came in, a few minutes later, we all turned innocent, interested eyes upon him, and wondered how long he could live in Hematite after the delivery of that verdict. He swaggered in and out of the room, and we gazed long and thoughtfully at the door, through which he disappeared.

"He goes to the Polak dances; he will get hurt some day," Tom remarked, uninterestedly.

"How do you happen to know, 'Tom'?" Ned asked.

"Always look in at the door to see what hoboos of mine are there; then they can't charge their bruises to accidents in the mine."

"Bright boy!" Ned grunted; but we all knew that Tom was trying to take care of his hoboos as if they were men, kept them out of rows if he could, and sent me fewer patients than any other mine superintendent in town.

It was some days after the social damnation of White before I thought of him again; then it was the delirious mutterings of a drunken miner which recalled him to my mind. There had been a Polish wedding the night before, and I was sewing up some of the ugly wounds a number of the guests had contrived to give one another in the course of the happy celebration. This particular hobo seemed to have been in the middle of the fight, and had more cuts and bruises than any one person was entitled to. In the delirium which seized his drink-sodden brain, he muttered curses on White, whom he blamed in picturesque English and Polish for having danced too often with Mary Vumustek, the little Polish belle, who had made slaves of all the young fellows in the hobo settlement. She certainly was pretty enough to enthrall the Poles of two townships; but that White should rival them in attentions seemed even more caddish than



I had thought him. Many were the threats that my interesting patient, Bogoshloski, hurled at the head of that "dog" White. For a moment I thought of warning White, but, remembering that he was in a position to do more harm to the hobo than could be done to him, I kept still.

In a short time I was able to write "dismissed" opposite the name of Nicholas Bogoshloski, and with his dismissal from the hospital he was dismissed from my mind. Hoboes came and went, under my hands—a varying round of broken legs, arms, and jaws.

The eight-month winter had worn itself to an end, when I left the hospital one afternoon for a few calls before going to the club for dinner. The snow had yielded before the steady siege of the sun, and scarcely a foot separated us from the ground. The air had an almost spring-like warmth, when I started on my rounds, but before they were half completed the chill forewarning of a storm had come, and down from Superior came a blizzard which whipped the air with remorseless lashes and made me house my horse before climbing the hill to the club. The hill seemed cruelly long and steep, that night. A foot forward and two back, seemed my rate of progression. But when I described it in those terms to Billy, he looked at me anxiously and said he did not see where I had developed the third leg. The lights in the club windows lured me on, till I at last reached the rough structure of stone and logs which encased the luxuries of the club.

"Bravo, Doc!" was the shout that greeted me as I stumbled into the hall. Mose grinned jovially as he took my sodden coat and cap to dry by the kitchen fire. The club dinner was unusually good, that night, and we all felt it so. The wildness of the night crept into our veins. We sang and whistled, and clogged our way across the hall when we had finished. Little Lamereaux tried to take his place at the piano, but we gently and firmly placed him upon a couch, under a pile of rugs and cushions. French songs were too civilized for such a night. We were so near the warring elements that the windows rattled fiercely, the fire roared a jovial defiance, and the tree-tops sang of a dear, dead whirlwind of prehistoric days. It was impossible to settle down to our pipes. The other fellows had the billiard-tables, and the "gym" looked uninteresting and inefficient. At last little Lamereaux emerged from his forced retirement, and said:

"I will go down in the mine. The iron is softer of heart than you."

With a shout, we volunteered to escort him, and hurried into our long boots and oil-skins, despite his protest that he wished to walk alone in the red, soft mud, and meditate upon the barbarism of club life.

The rest of the fellows were as familiar with the interior of the "Mammoth" as I was with the hospital wards. We stamped over to the shaft-house, trying to whistle in the teeth of the gale, but finding our notes returned dishonored in our faces. Piling into the cage, we went down into the earth at a rattling pace. When we reached the lowest level and the cage had taken its noisy way upward, the silence, compared with the tempest which raged above, seemed appalling.

To me there was still a novelty in wandering along the long passages, where unhewn tree-trunks upheld the mighty pressure of the ore and prevented its hurling crumbling masses on the men who were picking their way into the heart of the hill. The passages stretched away into the distance like pillared arches in some Druid temple; the twinkling incandescent lights, hung at short intervals along the walls, showed the red ooze through which we

passed, and made me feel it a sea of blood; trammers were guiding their heavily-freighted little cars toward the cage; miners were picking steadily at the treacherous ore, and in the distance a shift-boss was taking time. Now and then we passed a "chamber" from which all the available ore had been removed, and occasionally we saw a danger sign at the entrance to some half-finished chamber, where the ore was threatening to descend in fatal masses, while the strained and twisted trunks were being rent asunder by their effort to hold it back.

I became interested in watching a "powder-monkey" distributing the fragments of stick-giant which would be used in the midnight blasting, and the boys wandered on without me. I was splashing hurriedly after them, when a sudden shiver of earth near me, and a sound of falling ore, checked my steps. I waited in horror to hear the groans of the injured, and at last I was aroused by the sound of Jack's voice calling:

"Hurry up, Doc!"

Somehow, I stumbled forward till my way was blocked by a mass of ore across the mouth of a half-finished chamber. All our fellows were working with pick and shovel, and with renewed courage I began helping them. Miners came running up, and we soon had the ore away and could see the bodies. One was White, who had been on his rounds with the time-book; the other I recognized as Nicholas Bogoshloski. The Pole was dead, his body crushed under the weight of ore. His head and shoulders were untouched, and his right arm was thrust forward with a dagger in the hand. Even in death, the face retained a look of cunning hatred which made it hideous to see.

White was pinned down by a mass of iron on his legs. They were crushed and broken, but he still lived. A look of horror was on his face, and one arm was thrown up as if to ward off a blow. The shift-boss looked curiously at Bogoshloski, and muttered:

"It wasn't his shift. He had no business here."

The miners spoke low, and more than one crossed himself.

With pity and repulsion the boys picked White up, and the miners bore the body of the Pole away.

For weeks, White's life hung in the balance. For weeks the boys drew lots to see who should drop in and tell him that the crowd missed him and hoped he was better. When the first trailing arbutus crept out among the pines, little Lamereaux brought a fragrant burden to the hospital. After a while the boys stopped drawing lots, and half a dozen strayed down to bring a bunch of flowers, a funny story, or some trifle from John Chinaman's skillful fingers.

The accident was never mentioned, and I sometimes wonder whether or not White knew what had happened before it occurred.

As the days of his captivity drew to a close, he spent more and more of his time in letter-writing. One day he said:

"I'm going down below. My uncle will take me into his business, and I shall never stray so far from civilization again."

The day he went away, he called me to him: "Doc," he said, "you fellows all know what would have happened if the ore hadn't slumped down just then. In my soul I believe the hobo was right. There's a picture in my brain I shall never forget. I was a beastly cad, yet you have all treated me like a man. See that a stone is put over the grave, and give this to the girl on her wedding day. Good-bye."

That night Ned turned back the leaves of the record we kept of unusual club events, and opposite the nineteenth of March wrote:

"Killed, ———, one hobo. Cured, ———, one cad."

## PECULIARITIES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

A writer in *St. Nicholas* says that Lake Superior is, to begin with, the largest body of fresh water in the world. All down through this thousand feet of blue there is a peculiar coldness. At the very most, the temperature varies through the winter and summer not more than six degrees. Winter and summer, this great lake never changes to any appreciable extent; so that if you dip your finger-tips in the blue surface on a day in July, or if you test it some day in the early winter, when you have been out on some belated, ice-mailed fishing-smack, or when you have gone out to watch the fishermen spearing their supplies through the thick ice in mid-January, you will find but a trifling difference in the temperature. Away down at the bottom, too, there is but little variation in the temperature, for it stands at nearly 40° Fahrenheit at the bottom, and varies from 40° to 46°, winter and summer, at the surface. The other lakes, though cold, are not in this respect like Superior.

The whole bottom of the lake is believed to be a strong rock basin, though it would seem that there must be great springs at the bottom to help keep up the enormous volume of water. From the north there is a large amount of water pouring into the lake year in and year out, the swift-rushing, narrow-banked Nipigon and other streams furnishing no small part of the supply.

These streams in a large measure make up for the loss from the surface. One of the old lake captains—a bronzed, kindly-faced old man who had been for thirty-five years on the lakes and had faced death many a time in the frightful storms which sometimes sweep across these beautiful bodies of water, says that the theory that the lake is slowly going down in size is true. He maintains that he can tell from certain landmarks along the shores, with which he is as familiar as he would be with the streets of his old Scottish birthplace, that the lake is slowly—very slowly—but surely receding. However, it will be some centuries yet before there will be any appreciable lessening of the great lakes, so that we need not be concerned.

## THE RIVER.

The clouds lay low in the heavens,  
And the dim, weird night comes on,  
And the cold, pulsive river was glooming  
With a ghost of the light, long gone;  
And the trees sighed gruesome dirges,  
And the waves bore grimy foam—  
But the star-eyes mellowed the river,  
The turbulent river at home.

The bats flapped drowsily o'er me  
In the air that was thick and chill,  
And the hoot-owl hideously hooted,  
And all save the rude were still.  
And though in these shadows of nature  
No song-bird sought to roam,  
The pure stars gleamed in the river,  
The ruminant river at home.

And so in the dismal darkness  
The rivers of life e'er flow:  
Some foaming with ill-born foibles,  
The lowliest of the low;  
Some deep with crime's dark whirlpool,  
Some rude as the current's wrath,  
Some gliding o'er new found courses,  
Some holding the sure old path;

And though the grim trees murmur  
The ruinous, rumored tale,  
And the sceptic hoot-owl jeer him,  
And the bat the lost one rail,  
When the passion-clouds have scurried  
Away from the mystic whole,  
The stars illumine the rivers—  
The lights of the infinite soul.

FRANK CARLETON TECK.

New Whatcom, Wash.





#### A Valuable Indian Waistcoat.

The Mandan (N. D.) *Times* says that the most expensive waistcoat ever seen in town was worn by a young Indian on the streets recently. It was ornamented with rows of elk-teeth, there being over two hundred in all. Several were sold at a dollar each, at which rate the boy's garment was worth at least \$200. In any large city the teeth could readily be sold for twice that amount.

#### They Took Him.

It is reported that a young man of Portland wanted to enlist a few days ago, says the Fossil, (Ore.) *Journal*. He was of foreign birth, and was given a local newspaper to read, but could not. He was equally successful when asked to write English. He was about to be rejected, on account of his illiteracy, when he said:

"Vell, I can'd shpeak nor write in English, pud I kin fight like hell in any langwish; I tought vas fighders you vant, not pefessors." They took him.

#### Clam Joe's Mistake.

A funny accident occurred in Gray's Harbor recently. The well-known fisherman, "Clam Joe," was out on the Humptulips Bay, busily pursuing the inhabitants of the deep, when he suddenly espied a sulphur-bottom whale floundering among the shoals. Joe at once rose to the occasion and made up his mind to capture the catacean. He worked and worried it into still shallower water, until he thought he had the fish safely corralled, and then he belabored it with oars and jabbed it with his sheath-knife in the supposed vital parts.

After a time, Joe concluded he had his prey properly dead, and, as night was coming on, and he was pretty well fatigued with his strenuous exertions, and the tide had not made sufficiently to enable him to tow his prize to port, he anchored his boat to the dead whale and turned in for a sleep.

Now comes the sequel. On Wednesday morning the bar tug was on her way upwards, when the captain caught sight of a capsized boat knocking about away outside the bar. The craft was picked up and recognized as "Clam Joe's." A keen lookout was then kept for Joe, and after a strict search he was discovered floating along, pretty nearly a goner, but still hanging onto his mast and sail. Joe's moorings had come to life and towed him out to sea! In going through the breakers, the uproar had aroused Joe from his slumbers, and, cutting himself loose from his consort, he got upset while endeavoring to work his boat through the surf back into the harbor.—*Montesano (Wash.) Vidette*.

#### Gold Made Him Mad.

A man who came back recently from the Klondike tells the following story of George Whitlock, a former Black Hills miner and prospector, who spent years in searching for gold in that rich region.

Once he made a stake there of about \$13,000. Unfortunately, he had little experience in handling large sums, and his fortune soon disappeared over the bar and the faro-table. He went to work again with undiminished energy,

but luck was against him. He kept soul and body together, but little more.

"Five years ago," the narrator states, "Whitlock went to Alaska. There he had no better fortune. Indeed, the rigors of the climate and the difficulty of obtaining supplies made his lot harder than before. At length rich discoveries were reported on the Klondike. Whitlock hastened thither with his partners, Dick Sargent and Mike O'Neil. They staked out a claim, and went to work.

"One afternoon O'Neil and Sargent were startled to hear Whitlock call them in a strained, unnatural tone. He was some distance away from them, engaged in washing out a pan of promising looking dirt. When his friends reached his side they saw the cause of his exclamation. At the bottom of his pan was a handful of nuggets, varying in size from a pin-head to a bullet.

"As O'Neil and Sargent stepped over him, Whitlock leaped to his feet with a blood-curdling yell. Then he fell in convulsions. Miners say a few similar cases are on record in California, Australia and South Africa. They are of the opinion that Whitlock will never recover."

#### A Pacific Coast Appetite.

"No one can convince me that fat men are delicate eaters," said Patrolman Lewis to a party of friends the other evening. "I once believed they were, but that was before I saw Brock eat." "Brock" is the familiar appellation of one of the officers. He weighs some pounds less than 300.

"One evening, I think it was a Thanksgiving day, a public supper was given in a storeroom on Riverside Avenue. The spread furnished was probably the finest ever given in the city. When the last table had been served it was nearly midnight. There were quantities of turkeys and oysters—in fact, everything one could think of—left. There was also a considerable amount of silverware that had been brought by the ladies. They were too tired to take it home, and so employed a man to stay in the room and care for the things.

"The man was a friend of Brock and myself, and, seeing us pass, he called us in and insisted that we should partake of some of the lunch. We accepted. Among the good things there were a half-dozen turkeys, which were untouched except that a few slices had been cut off the breast. Just for a josh, I picked up one of the 'turks' and laid it on Brock's plate. To my surprise he calmly proceeded to clean it up in short order, and then attacked another bird. Actually, he ate three turkeys before he quit. Between times he ate a whole fig cake, a lot of raw oysters, olives, pickles, etc.

"He ate steadily for over two hours, and when he quit his eyes were nearly closed and his clothes were stretched to almost the bursting point. He could not fasten his belt by two inches. As we started to leave, the watchman asked if we would not like to take something more to eat before we went off duty and to bed. Brock promptly accepted, and carried off another turkey, which he says he ate before 6 o'clock next morning.—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review*.

#### Early Washington Life.

In the afternoon of Saturday, February 21, 1852, says the Port Townsend (Wash.) *Call*, there arrived in Port Townsend Bay a large war-canoe manned by the Duke of York, head chief of the Clallam Indians, and a crew of that tribe. The canoe and Indians were in the service of Uncle Sam, and had just come from the custom-house at Olympia, carrying a force of customs officers on a cruise of the Lower Sound. The force consisted of Deputy Col-

lector Q. A. Brooks, in charge, and Inspectors A. M. Poe, H. C. Wilson and A. B. Moses.

The canoe landed on the beach at a point near the terminus of what is now known as Tyler Street, and soon all hands were at work unloading the necessary equipments for night camping, and cooking the evening meal. Presently a cheerful fire was blazing, and soon the culinary skill of Poe and Wilson was manifest, and all sat down to a hearty repast.

A small, unfinished log-house, without chink or daub, was the only fixture of civilization on the bay. But the clisquis houses of the Clallams were strongly in evidence all along the beach, this being the principal village of the tribe.

Nightfall came on apace. The glow from the camp-fire and the wickiups of the Indians cast a weird but cheerful light over the beach, bluff and bay. The morrow was the Sabbath, a day, in these parts, as yet unnoticed. But it was not to be always thus.

A small vessel was on Saturday night discovered entering the bay off Point Hudson. On nearer approach it proved to be the pilot boat Mary Taylor, sixty tons burden, from Portland, Or., with Francis W. Pettygrove and Loren B. Hastings and their families on board. Next day, Sunday, the families were landed, and the Mary Taylor proceeded on to Olympia.

The debarking of these families afforded an opportunity for the customs boys to show their gallantry; for, being low tide, with no wharf, the lighterage to shore through shallow water was of necessity performed by men in high-top boots. And in this way that most estimable lady, Mrs. James McIntyre, now the mother of a grown-up family here, then a mere child, was carried ashore in the arms of Deputy Brooks.

Mrs. Pettygrove and Mrs. Hastings were the first white women to settle at Port Townsend. Their coming marked the dawn of a new era, for soon others came, and then others, and thereafter the powerful influence of Christian women was felt in the civilization, enlightenment and betterment of humanity.

#### Killing a Mascot Bear.

Bear stories may appear somewhat tame to those who have lived on bear-meat all their lives, but the average reader never wearies of them. The following tale is told by the Roseland (B. C.) *Miner*, and has reference to a recent bear-steak dinner on what is known as the Mascot fraction in that vicinity. "The steak came from the same bear which has been frightening the children in the Mascot region," the *Miner* says,—"the identical bear which Mrs. Buckelsy and Miss Daly drove off with their broomsticks a few weeks since. Since that time there have been hunters in black, blue and gray, and in pairs, trios and quartets at the Mascot fraction, looking for the bear, but it never put in an appearance when they were around. Just for fun, apparently, it would come around the house in the afternoon and frighten the children into hysterics, until the women would rally with their broomsticks and drive it away. In fact, the animal seemed to enjoy being driven about with broomsticks.

"The bear was around on Thursday afternoon, giving the women a great deal of trouble; and, as usual, it was driven away by them. This delayed and excited them so that supper was late, and it was after 7 o'clock when Captain T. L. Roberts and his employees were seated around the table for the purpose of partaking of the evening repast.

"Suddenly some one shouted, 'Here's that blamed bear again!' Tait sprang toward his gun, but, unfortunately, fell into a bucket of water. The women grabbed their trusty

brooms, while John Myers was soon in the doorway with his Winchester. The bear was approaching the house, and Myers waited till he was some thirty yards away. Then he took a long, cool aim, and fired. The bullet struck the animal in the chest, went through the heart, and lodged in the hip. The big animal fell dead in his tracks. In a little while the pelt was taken off and the meat was hanging in the cook-house ready for the next morning's breakfast. It was a fine specimen of black bear, weighing nearly 400 pounds, and those who have partaken of the meat say it was both fat and juicy.

#### An Eventful Indian Life.

The death of James Reuben, the well-known Indian interpreter and diplomat, at Genesee, Idaho, not long ago, recalls many interesting events of former times. When Chief Joseph was captured by General Miles in 1877, and exiled, with about 400 of his tribe, to the In-

that he intended to remain inside the doors of that office until he was given a direct answer about Monteith's removal. After another conference the agent's removal was promised, and Reuben returned to his people.

Upon his arrival home he made a public speech in which he said that the secretary had refused to replace Monteith, and asking the Indians to get along with him the best they could for a time. Within a few days Monteith's resignation was asked for, and when Reuben was asked why he had not told the truth about the matter, he quietly said that, had he made the truth known, Monteith might have brought some influence to bear upon the officials at Washington that would have prevented his removal.

Reuben was a personal friend of Lee Moorhouse, the clerk of the supreme court, who was formerly Indian agent at this place, and often made Mr. Moorhouse his confidant and advisor. The last time Reuben visited this town he told

running his machine upon the ten-hour system; that is, ten hours of actual threshing for a day, and, though a very fair proposition, it was not to the entire satisfaction of all the crew.

Mr. Reynolds intimated a desire, so the story goes, that the crew hold prayer-meetings. Accordingly the crew set about it one evening, one of the boys, though inexperienced, volunteering to lead off. He got down upon his knees and besought Divine assistance for each member of the crew individually—the hoe-down's, that they might be strengthened for their peculiar vocation; the sack-gig, that he might gig on indefinitely without tiring and that he would be enabled to do better gigging; the derrick-drivers, that they might continue faithful to the end—of their beat; the sack-sewers, that they might so sew that the over-particular rancher would pronounce it so-so when he came to examine it; that the engineer be loaned a portion of the fires of sheol with which to raise steam to make the engine ever-



U. S. REGULARS TAKING A DIP WHILE EN ROUTE TO THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT AT LAKE CITY, MINN.—From a photo by HAAS BROS.

dian Territory, Reuben was sent with them as interpreter, where he remained several years; but as Joseph's people could not withstand the climate of that country, Reuben was sent to Washington to intercede with the Secretary of the Interior for the return of the exiles to their Northern home, and, after many trips to the capitol, he was successful in having the remaining members of the band conducted to Colville Reservation, where many of them still live.

Another interesting occurrence of Reuben's life is narrated about his trip to Washington in the interests of his people concerning the removal of Indian Agent Monteith, whom the reservation Indians disliked very much. Reuben visited the Secretary of the Interior a good many times, but without success until one day, in a splendid speech, he informed the secretary

Mr. Moorhouse, when the latter asked [permission to take his photograph, that many people had asked that same privilege, but that he had always told them that no one should take his photograph excepting his friend, Lee Moorhouse, and, true to his promise, the only picture of James Reuben is now in the possession of Mr. Moorhouse.

Reuben was gifted with a splendid intellect, which he took every opportunity of improving, consequently he was always looked upon as one of the best educated Indians in the Northwest. —*Pendleton East Oregonian*.

#### A Novel Prayer Meeting.

Some of A. E. Reynolds' threshing crew tell of a prayer-meeting experience they had in the Walla Walla Country in Washington that is a little out of the ordinary. Mr. Reynolds was

lastingly hump itself to the end that all former records may be effectually and everlastingly knocked out; concluding with:

"And now we ask an especial blessing upon this man Reynolds. You know him—he who has come down among us from a town called Garfield, finely situated at the junction of two important lines of railway, and has instituted this beautiful ten-hour system. May it prosper and grow until none shall be left to say unto his neighbor, 'Do you know anything about Reynolds' ten-hour system?' but all shall know it from the least unto the greatest. We pray that the good tidings may be carried to the heathen of foreign lands, and may their eyes be opened to their awful condition, their evil ways be cut off, and the Reynolds' ten-hour system be effectively and everlastingly grafted upon the stub."—*Garfield (Wash.) Enterprise*.





#### Handkerchief Holders.

A new idea in bits of bags, which may be worn at the side, and filled with handkerchief, tiny purse, and odds and ends, materializes in snake-skin with silver trimmings. It is arranged with chains, in chatelaine fashion.

#### About Excessive Sleep.

It is said that excessive sleep is injurious to brain workers, because, by being kept too long inactive, the brain is liable to pass by insensibly small gradations into a state of debility, just as disuse of the limbs will lead in time to inability to use them.

#### To Rejuvenate Straw Hats.

Women's black straw hats may be given a new lease of life by revarnishing them, which really takes the place of dyeing, using some black sealing-wax pounded into small pieces, and over which enough methylated spirits to dissolve it has been poured; then mix thoroughly, and apply with a soft brush to the hat, covering every crevice of the straw. Blue straw hats may be freshened in the same manner, using blue sealing-wax.

#### Novelty Cushions.

Basket-work cushions are among the novelties. Strips of open-work ribbon in pronounced colors are laid over a square of buckram, the stripes being two inches apart. Cross pieces are then woven in and out. When brilliant colors are used, the effect is rather Oriental. The large pin-cushion, with its fluffy frills of lace and many bows of ribbon, is no longer the fashion. Neither is the toilet cover of dotted Swiss. The new pin-cushions are very small. Those more in favor are covered with velvet and mounted to match the other toilet articles.

#### To Make Old-Fashioned Gingerbread.

Sallie Joy White, in the July *Woman's Home Companion*, says that old-fashioned molasses gingerbread is made as follows:

Half a cup of molasses, half a tablespoonful of ginger, one saltspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of clarified beef-dripping—or you may use butter, though the dripping is the better—a fourth of a cupful of hot water, boiling, and one cupful of flour. The ginger, soda and salt are added to the molasses; the softened dripping is then put in, and the mixture beaten well; next the boiling water is added, then the flour; beat again thoroughly, pour into a well-greased shallow pan, and bake in a hot oven. It will take about twenty minutes to bake the loaf.

#### A Taffeta Belt.

Authority on things fashionable says that the latest things in belts to wear with shirt-waists is a soft taffeta ribbon, five inches wide, made tight enough to wrinkle into half that width and fasten in a pretty buckle of silver or gilt.

Among the eccentricities of fashion may be mentioned the popularity of the peony as a corsage bouquet. Long chains are still worn, although it is no longer smart to allow the jeweled purse, or the tiny mirror which is attached at the end of the chain, to dangle; it is con-

sidered more fashionable to slip it into the belt. A pearl heart inclosing a flag is worn by the patriotic girl. Bangles and bracelets are in vogue again.

#### The Blessings of a Summer Stove.

No housekeeper who has once used one will ever tolerate coal or wood fires in her kitchen in hot weather, though she sacrifices a dozen other important wants in order to secure immunity from their torturing heat. Gas-stoves are always a possibility in cities, but in small towns and in the country those for gasolene or oil only are available. Both kinds have been brought to such a state of perfection that there is little or nothing left to be desired in their use. Oil-stoves require frequent cleaning and trimming to keep odorless; so preference lies with gasolene. Every farmhouse in the land should possess one, and the blessing that each should bring during the eternal summer's cooking to some burdened woman simply could not be measured. They do not "explode," as popularly supposed, and as investigation will prove; every accident is directly traceable to some act of gross carelessness which, otherwise directed, would render dangerous many things in common use in the household.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

#### Odd Bits of Philosophy.

A man-coward gets only abuse, but a woman-coward gets coddled and encouraged.

When some men go to war, their wives know it will kill them to take brown sugar in their coffee.

Children look upon their father as a man who never puts gravy where they want it upon their plates.

Cynics think they can reflect human nature correctly in the cheap, twisted mirrors of their embittered souls.

Women who go to church to show their finery always have a scornful contempt for women who don't go at all.

Grammar is all right, but much of the world's most original thought emanates from people who say "I done it."

When a man is sick, the average woman likes to have him sick enough not to keep her running down-town after cigars.

A man's follies are his educational opportunities, but he sometimes errs in loving his teacher better than his lessons.

Reminiscence is the soul's searchlight; by it we discern that some of youth's vices were virtues, and that some of its virtues were vices.

#### To Kill Plant Lice.

Many remedies have been given for lice on roses, pansies, etc., but not all of them are reliable. For instance, white hellebore was tried, but in the case of insects which suck rather than chew, it was ineffective. Kerosene emulsion has been recommended also, but it should be used very carefully with flowers—better not use it at all. We used the emulsions for green aphids on roses, and the result was not satisfactory. The insects were killed, but much of the foliage of the plants was destroyed. The plants did not recover from the effects of the dose for several weeks. Then the emulsion was weakened and used on pansies, with the result that it killed the plants. Kerosene emulsion should not be used on plants which have soft stalks.

After experimenting with the emulsion, tobacco tea was tried. Tobacco-stems were soaked in water until the liquid was about the color of tea, and then the mixture was forced on the plants with a small spray. There seems to be no danger of having tobacco tea too strong. This liquid was used on asters, roses, verbenas, pansies, and also on a grape-vine which was in-

fectured with insects, and the best of results were obtained. The tea, in addition to driving away all insects, is an excellent tonic for the soil.

Watch your chrysanthemum plants for insects, and when they appear, spray with tobacco tea. And, above all things, use kerosene emulsion very carefully on your flowers—or not at all.—*Farm Journal*.

#### Best Fruits to Eat.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells her readers in the *Ladies' Home Journal* what she thinks of different fruits as foods: She says:

"Fruits as foods are peaches, apricots, nectarines; ripe, mellow apples; dates, figs, fresh and dried; prunes without skins; persimmons, papaws; very ripe or cooked bananas; guavas without seeds—fresh or canned without sugar; pineapples, grated or finely picked, never cut; mangoes, grapes; sweet plums without skins, sugar cherries, and an occasional cooked pear. Bartlets are excellent when canned without sugar.

"The fruits which must be used most sparingly are lemons, oranges, shaddockes, currants, barberries, cranberries, and strawberries. This applies most emphatically to those persons who are inclined to uric acid conditions. The rheumatic and gouty should also most rigidly abstain. The tender lining of the child's stomach cannot, certainly, bear such fruits any length of time; serious results must follow. The ripe, mellow peach is really the child's fruit.

#### Little Things Worth Knowing.

Nuts and almonds are very nourishing food.

Pineapple is said to be valuable in cases of diphtheria.

Do not ever burn or throw away corks. They are valuable in many ways.

People eat twenty per cent more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

In one province of the Chinese empire a really good tea is sold as low as two cents a pound.

Much cold water should not be drunk during or after a meal. It chills the stomach and prevents proper digestion.

Toothbrushes should be occasionally placed in cold water with a little borax, sanitas or other disinfectant and left to stand in it for a while.

Celluloid balls and other toys, though very pretty to look at, should never be given to children, as they are highly inflammable and very dangerous.

A soft corn can be cured by placing a tuft of cotton-wool, saturated with olive oil, between the toes and renewing it every day. The corn will very soon disappear.

If cranberries are dried and shriveled, the skins will be tough when cooked. The remedy is to soak the shriveled berries in cold water for several days before using.

Boots and shoes should never be kept in a cupboard or box. They should be left where air can get freely to them, and whenever it is possible the insides should be aired.

If you have a sink in your kitchen, clean the drain-pipe by pouring down it a boiling solution of washing-soda at least once a week. Allow a quart of the soda to four quarts of water. Use it liberally.

Combs should not be washed with water, as it is apt to split the teeth. A fairly stiff nail-brush will be found very useful for cleaning them. Work the bristles in and out between the teeth until the fluff and hair are removed, then wipe the comb carefully with a damp cloth.

Flatulence after meals is very disagreeable and is usually a symptom of indigestion, produced, as often as not, by exertion being made too soon after eating. A simple remedy is five



drops of pure terebene, taken on a piece of sugar, which is to be allowed to dissolve in the mouth.

Few housekeepers realize that they waste half their coffee by grinding it coarse. The particles should be as fine as the best granulated corn-meal. It makes at least one-third the difference in the strength of drip coffee, whether the particles are fine or coarse. The flavor is also declared to be better when the particles are fine.

According to a prominent New York physician, hot water will cure dyspepsia if taken before breakfast; wards off chills when one comes in from the cold; stops a cold if taken early in the stage; relieves a nervous headache; gives relief to tired and inflamed eyes; is splendid for sprains and bruises; will often stop the flow of blood from a wound; is an excellent remedy for sleeplessness; and causes wrinkles to flee and backaches to vanish.

#### To Remove Stains From Linen.

Coffee, tea or wine-stains are rather difficult to remove from the table linen if they are of long standing and have been washed with soap, which tends to set their color. Javelle water—which can be made at home or purchased from the druggist—is generally most successful. Put about a half a pint of javelle water and a quart of clear water into an earthen bowl. Let the stained articles soak in this for several hours, then rinse thoroughly in three waters. It is only white goods that can be treated in this manner, as the javelle water bleaches out the color.

Sewing-machine oil-stains can be removed by rubbing the stain with sweet oil or lard and letting it stand for several hours. Then wash it in soap and cold water. For peach or tar-stains rub hard, let it stand a few hours, and sponge

with spirits of turpentine until the stains are removed. If the color of the fabric be changed, sponge it with chloroform and the color will be restored. Use lemon-juice and salt to remove iron-rust, ink and mildew on white goods. Whiten yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one pound of fine soap, melted in one gallon of milk. Then wash in suds, then in two cold waters, with a little blueing.

By putting lace handkerchiefs in warm water in which are a few drops of ammonia, and using castile soap, they are easily cleansed and made a beautiful, clean white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out smoothly on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry, fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind, and you will find handkerchiefs lasting thrice as long as before.

#### Praying Women and Homekeepers.

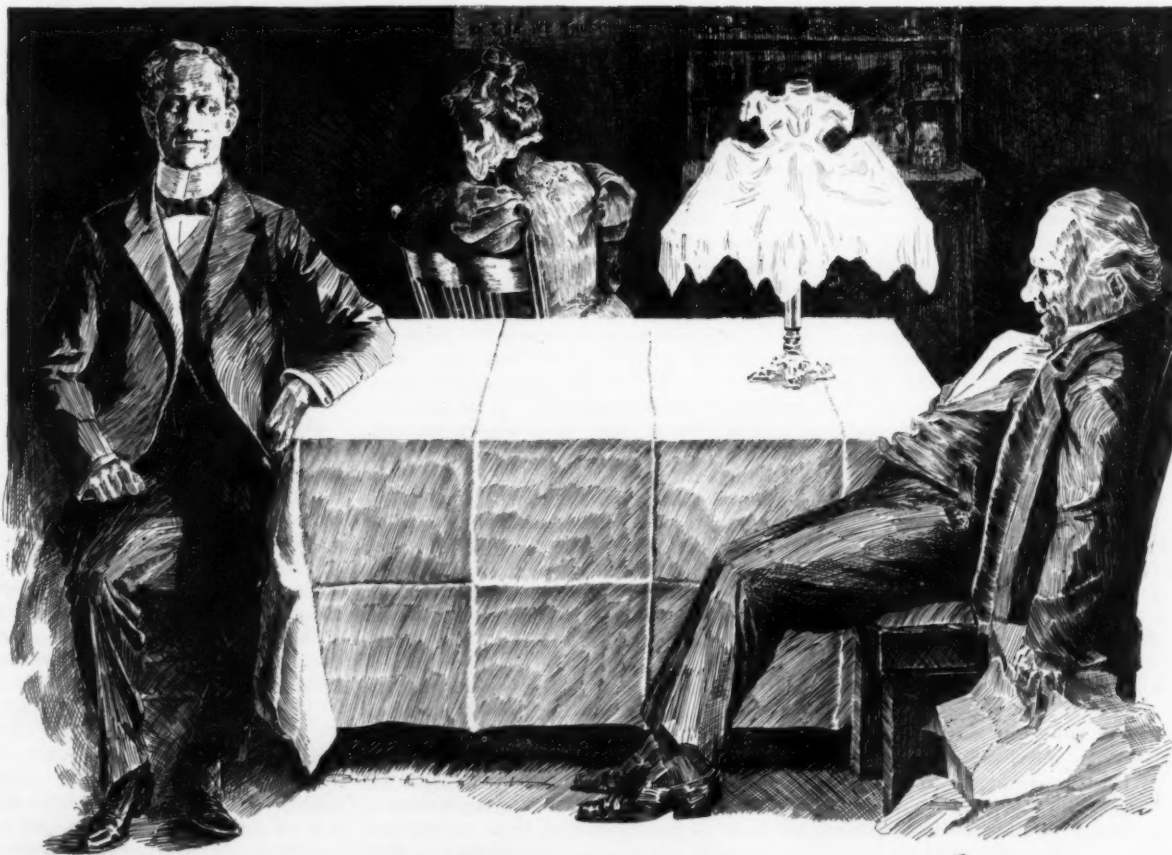
When the son of a good woman goes astray, the world stands aghast. It is accounted a mysterious dispensation of Providence that a pious and praying woman should be thus chastised. She has spent her days in evangelical work and her nights in agonized prayer for her son. How is it that the supplications of such a saint are not answered? The good people who look on in sympathy would be horrified if the opinion were ventured that the mother's piety and prayers were a large factor in her son's ruin. Nevertheless it is undoubtedly true in many cases. It is impossible for any ordinary woman to attend church services and prosecute home and foreign mission-work, temperance-work and Sunday-school work without sacrificing the interests of her family.

The regular attendants of church gatherings are too often women whose homes are the abode of dirt, disorder and mismanagement. The

husband of a really zealous worker comes home on "society" days to a deserted house and cold meals. The children are left to the care of each other or of domestics, and from sheer loneliness seek questionable companions. Strife reigns, and accidents are the order of the day. Mother, high priestess of the fireside, is absent doing "the Lord's work!"

One of the reformers of national reputation was an illustrious example of this type of woman. Her memory must be respected to the extent of withholding her name, but the facts afford a sad but salutary lesson. Her home was in a pretty Eastern city. The spacious house, with its wide stretch of lawn and garden, made an ideal spot for a home, but it was left in the sole charge of domestics picked up at random, while its mistress went about the country lecturing. Her husband was a man of ordinary endowments who spent his time as men about town generally do. Her aged father was a common drunkard, periodically rescued from the gutter by the neighbors. Her son was a lonely boy who often crept wistfully into a neighbor's house of an evening to hear a story read to the boys. The need of human society drove him to an early marriage with a mere school-girl. But his mother, forsooth, was "a noble woman" engaged in "a grand work."

Why do children of pious women often err and fall into disgrace? It is a simple case of cause and effect. It is vain to hope that good works for the cause of morality and religion will buy immunity from the natural results of the neglect of the home. It is vain to trust to prayer to counteract our sins of omission and commission against our children. Most prayers are only subjective acts, mere selfish indulgence in emotion. The only prayer worthy the name is a spontaneous impulse upward, an active desire after good.—*Minneapolis Times.*

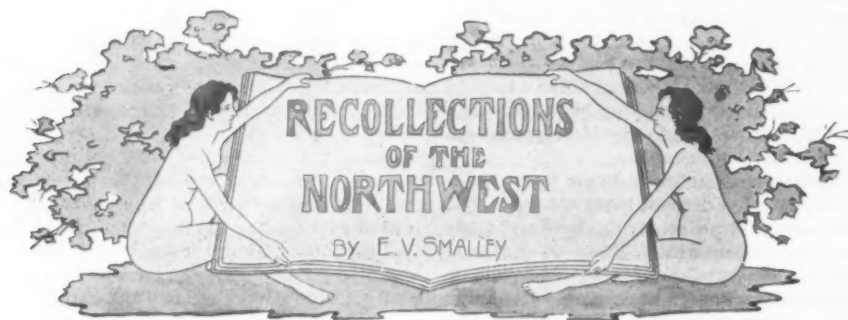


THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SUGGESTION.

Manly Sparks (to his loved one's sire)—"I say, Mr. Sparley! I'm thinking of adopting a child."

"Just what do you mean, young man?"

"It's—er—your daughter, don't you know,"



## CHAPTER III.

Colonel Lamborn joined my party at Miles City. He was then at the best period of life—about forty-five, tall, strongly built, and energetic. He had served in the war as a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, and since the war had been engaged in railroad service in Kansas and Colorado. He was a first-rate outdoor man, accustomed to life in the open air, familiar with botany and mineralogy, with fishing and hunting, with the open plains, and with the mountains. His mind was of an encyclopedical character and had taken in, classified and stored away a great mass of information which he could draw upon at will. We bought a team and a spring-wagon for our long overland journey, and, learning that we could go still forty miles further west by rail on a construction train, we loaded our outfit on the cars and started off under the protection of Colonel Clough, who was the chief constructing engineer at that point. He told us we would find camps of engineers about twenty miles apart all the way up the valley and over the Belt Mountains as far as Bozeman, and that from Bozeman to Helena we would be in a settled country.

A thrilling incident occurred shortly after our train started. We were running along at the foot of a tall line of sandstone bluffs, where room enough for the track had been blasted out. The members of our party were sitting on a pile of camp equipage on a flat-car, enjoying the scenery and the fresh spring air. Looking ahead, up at the face of the bluffs, we saw a huge block of sandstone detach itself and start down the cliff. That it would strike the train somewhere, seemed certain. The engine was too far ahead for us to signal the engineer to increase his speed so as to escape the dangerous projectile, and for a few moments it looked as though the great block would surely strike our car and hurl us all into the river. We could do nothing but wait for our fate to be determined. The great block took enormous leaps as it came plunging down the steep declivity. It missed us, and just grazed the rear end of the caboose, which was immediately behind our car, taking off the steps and plunging into the river.

When the train reached the end of the track we found ourselves at the foot of a range of precipitous bluffs, with a raging river in front, and were told that we must get across the river to find a road on which we could proceed up the valley. Two stalwart young fellows ran a ferry consisting of a big, flat-bottomed skiff. They helped the trainmen to get our horses and wagon off the cars, and managed to place the wagon crosswise on the boat. Then, attaching long ropes to the horses' necks, they pushed off, leaving us behind to wait for a second trip. We shoved the horses into the stream, and, being Montana horses, they knew what was expected of them and swam bravely after the boat. All went well at first, but in

the middle of the current the skiff upset and dumped the wagon into the river; and the horses, getting loose, swam down-stream and landed on an island. The harnesses went into the river with the wagon; so did Woodbury's valise, which he had entrusted to the cranky craft. Here seemed to be a calamitous end to our journey at its very beginning. The ferry-men managed to right the boat on an eddy, however, and, coming back, they set us across to the other shore, where there was a railroad store and boarding-house.

We slept on the floor that night, and four more dispirited men could not have been found in all Montana. With the morning, though, came news and fresh courage; for the ferrymen had rescued our horses from the island, and by attaching a rope to the tongue of the wagon, which showed above the yellow waters, had pulled the wagon ashore. They had even fished out one of the harnesses and rescued Woodbury's valise.

A new harness was obtained, and at noon the four adventurers set off for the West. Woodbury insisted on driving, and we had hardly gone a mile when he ran over a small cottonwood log which lay in the roadway, giving us all a tremendous jolt and nearly wrecking the wagon.

"Where did you learn to drive?" I asked.

He replied that he had occasionally driven a livery rig in Cleveland. This was all his experience with horses, yet he had confidently undertaken to drive a team a thousand miles across a wilderness. He stuck to the reins, however, and in the course of two weeks became a pretty good driver.

We were soon out of the cottonwood forest which fringed the river, and our road lay across open, sunny plains, where the grass was just turning green and the blue lupins were already in bloom. The air was like champagne, and we were all in high spirits at the prospect of going forward into an unknown country. That night we halted at the shack of a party of young railroad engineers, who were cross-sectioning the line in advance of the graders. They were good-natured young fellows, and gave us a hearty welcome to share their supper and sleep on their floor. Our next night's camp was with another engineering party, and the third night we reached a trading-post on the Yellowstone, called Junction, where there was a stockade around the buildings for protection against Indians. The trader's customers were Indians from the Crow Reservation on the south and the Blackfoot Reservation north of the Missouri. He was a stalwart, handsome man named Paul McCormick. An old-timer in Montana, he had many stories to tell us of his narrow escapes from Indians and his hunting adventures. McCormick is still living, and is now one of the leading public men of his State.

At Junction I improved my bed by buying the skin of a calf buffalo to put under the

blanket which alone had thus far separated my tired body from the hard floors of frontier cabins. We were ferried over the Yellowstone to the south bank, this time on a broad barge attached by ropes and pulleys to a stout cable running from shore to shore. The boat was hung at an angle to the course of the stream, and the current furnished the power by striking on the slanting side of the craft. This kind of rope ferry is still used in all parts of the Far West, and is safe and economical. We pushed on up the valley day after day, always in a vacant country, and always finding, near nightfall, the camp of an engineering party where we could halt and get shelter. I think it was on the third or fourth day that we again crossed the Yellowstone and reached Billings, a new town which had just been started by a speculator and railroad contractor named Herman Clarke, who had sold a large number of lots in St. Paul and New York. Great expectations were based on this town, which, it was claimed, would become the city for all Eastern Montana. A few buildings had already been erected, although the lumber had to be hauled over a hundred miles from the end of track. Three miles away was the old trading-post of Coulson, to which steamboats had ascended in former years during the June rise in the river. At that place was a store and a few houses. One of Clarke's boom enterprises was a street railroad from Billings to Coulson, and he went so far as to buy cars and rails. The rails were never laid, and the cars never ran; but they stood for a year in the street, where people on passing trains could see them, and thus served as an advertisement for the new town.

While we were in Billings, two young men arrived from Minneapolis with a hand press and a few cases of type, and announced that they were about to start a weekly paper. This seemed droll to me, for there were no subscribers in sight except the railroad men, who would move on westward when the end of track reached the town. I did not know how rapidly a new town could grow when well boomed. I am sure the population of Billings doubled every day of our stay, and when we left there must have been five hundred people there who had come in by wagon to take part in the scramble of speculation which they knew would characterize the first year's life of the town. Some of the new-comers brought small stocks of merchandise in their wagons, some brought faro tables, others saloon fixtures, and others were prepared to start restaurants. Weeks before the locomotive reached the place, the new town was in full swing.

The newspaper men wanted me to set the first type on the first number of their paper. I had not practiced the compositor's craft for twenty years, but I managed to put into type a poem Goerdler had written glorifying the town of Billings. Today Billings is a solid town with buildings of brick and stone, but it contains only about 3,000 inhabitants, and no one would speak of it as a city. A pastoral country, with a little irrigated land here and there, does not build up a city. Population in such a country is necessarily sparse, and its business can all be done by towns of very moderate size.

## BLACK HILLS CYCADS.

The Deadwood (Black Hills, S. D.) *Pioneer Times* says that Henry Wells, of Sturgis, who devotes a great deal of his time to the collection of fossils, recently obtained a handsome sum of money from the sale of some remarkable cycad specimens which were found in the Black Hills counties of Fall River and Pennington, in the lower cretaceous or coal formations. They were sold to Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale



College, who gladly paid nearly \$700 for them.

The cycad family is an order of gymnospermous plants of palm-like or fern-like aspect, with unbranched stem bearing a crown of circinate, pinnated leaves. It embraces nine genera and seventy-five species, chiefly of the southern hemisphere. Some authorities, however, claim that cycadaceae are much more nearly allied to pines, firs, etc., in their botanical character. They are now and then found in the United States, but never in Europe. Mexico has them, and so has South America, Japan, and China. According to the *Pioneer-Times*, which quotes a reliable local authority, the Black Hills cycads resemble an "overgrown, distorted and irregular pineapple."

The discovery of these fossils indicates plainly that the climate of all that section of country was one time tropical. No such additional proof was needed, of course, but it is at least confirmatory and interesting. Just what other surprises are contained in the Black Hills, remains for time to discover; but the past twenty years have been prolific of developments that have placed that country among the most remarkable geographical divisions of the world.

#### WISCONSIN ICELANDERS.

In all the many elements which go to make up the heterogeneous population of Wisconsin, no national group is more interesting than the Icelanders of Washington Island. That there is such a colony in the State is not generally known, and the retired place in which they are settled would prevent them coming more prominently into public notice. Washington Island lies at the extremity of the Door County peninsula, and is in a way cut off from the rest of the State. Harry K. White, in the current volumes of the Wisconsin Historical Collections, has described these people and given some experiences among them in a visit to the island.

There are 115 people from the little island in the Arctic Sea on Washington Island, and they brought with them and still use the old Norse tongue, which is used nowhere else in the world than there and in Iceland. It must not be supposed, however, that these people are like Esquimaux, and live in huts. They are among the most industrious and thrifty people in Wisconsin, and have greatly benefited their condition since coming to the hospitable shores of Lake Michigan, from the barren ones of their island home among the icebergs.

The first Icelanders to come to Wisconsin arrived in 1872, when four young men were sent to Milwaukee from Iceland by Guden Thorgoinsen. They were received by William Wickman, then a resident of Milwaukee, now a real estate dealer in Chicago. Thorgoinsen, who sent this little colony, was an Icelander, but had been educated in Europe, and was bent on bettering the condition of his people. He had been in correspondence with Mr. Wickman for some time, and the latter decided that Washington Island was a better place for the immigrants from the edge of the arctic circle than any other available place in the State, and took them there. Within the same year a considerable number followed the first comers, and all settled on the island. At first they followed their home customs and spent their time fishing in the lake about the island. The fishing giving out, however, they turned to cutting the timber on the island and cultivating the soil. They are all Lutherans, but are not tied closely to that church; and, owing to the fact that the churches in Iceland are supported by the State, they have not formed the idea of giving generously for religious purposes, and their churches on the island do not flourish. They have neither saloons nor lawyers among them.



"On the river bank she wandered,  
By the roaring of the water;  
Then she stood above its torrent,  
Then she called out to her brother:  
'Take me, take me, O my Spokane!'"

### A LEGEND OF THE SPOKANE RIVER.

[After Hiawatha.]

On they glided o'er the water,  
In their swift canoe of birch-bark;  
At the stern stood Gagababush,—  
He the steersman and the guidesman,  
He the white man's friend and brother,—

In his hand the paddle, flashing,  
Made the water curl and gurgle.  
At his feet there sat a maiden,  
She the daughter of a paleface,—  
Daughter of a paleface hunter.  
She was like the wild syringa  
Growing on the hills, the mountains,  
Pure and white, like the syringa.

In the bow sat Windlock, watching  
How the boat drew near the river,  
Where the waters hurried forward,  
Hurried from the Lake, their mother,  
Making eagerly the river,  
Making the great river Spokane.

Windlock was the maiden's father.  
Sturdy, like a poplar, was he;  
Tall, as is the Western pine-tree;  
Brown, and beaten by the weather.  
By his side a rifle rested,  
And he swung a paddle lightly.

Then the river current drew them,  
Drew them quickly onward, onward,  
And at night, above the roaring  
Of the river's mighty cascade,  
On the bank a fire was burning,  
While around it sat the maiden,  
Sat the hunter and the guidesman,  
Gagababush, he the guidesman;  
And the roaring of the water,  
Carried by the night-wind onward,  
Mournfully upon their ears fell.  
Slowly rose, then, Gagababush,  
With the fire-light shining on him,  
Pointed out into the darkness,  
Pointed to the roaring water:  
"Hark!" he whispered. "White man hear it?  
'Tis the cry of Wah-ta-wah-wah."  
Then he told the red man's legend,  
Told the legend of the Spokane.

Long ago on Cœur d'Alene,  
On the lake of Cœur d'Alene,  
There was born a dusky maiden,  
And they named her Wah-ta-wah-wah.  
Grew she up upon the water,  
And the waters loved the maiden,  
Loved her as they would a sister.

When upon the shore she wandered,  
All the trees bent to caress her.

As she grew to be a woman,  
From her home she once departed;  
And the waters saw her going,  
Saw her leave her haunts of childhood,  
And they broke their banks to follow  
At the feet of Wah-ta-wah-wah.

In and out the maiden wandered,  
Twisting, turning, this way, that way,  
But the waters always followed  
At the lead of Wah-to-wah-wah;  
While a rapid river made they,  
Gushing over stones and pebbles,  
Down the rocks and the abysses  
All their strength and power throwing.  
Then she turned unto the river,  
Stretched her hand above it, saying:  
"From henceforth thy name is 'Spokane,'  
And I love thee as a brother."

Years went by, and Wah-ta-wah-wah  
Wooded was by a brave young chieftain;  
Gave her heart into his keeping,  
Till she loved him well and truly.  
But one night upon a wild lake,  
This young chieftain sadly perished,  
Lost his life amid the waters,  
Yielded all that love had brought him.  
Now, at eve, the red man, watching,  
Sees his spirit on the water,  
Sees it walking on the water,  
And they named it Lake of Spirit,  
Spirit Lake they named the waters.

Long mourned gentle Wah-ta-wah-wah,  
Mourned for her departed lover;  
On the river bank she wandered,  
By the roaring of the water;  
Then she stood above its torrent,  
Then she called out to her brother:  
"Take me, take me, O my Spokane!  
You are all that's left to love me,  
Let my sorrows all be carried  
Far away upon thy bosom."

Now, upon the nights of stillness,  
Heard her cry is by the red man,  
Heard above the roaring water—  
"Take me, take me, O my Spokane!"

This the legend told to Windlock,  
To the maiden and the hunter,  
Legend of the Spokane River,  
Told to them by Gagababush,  
He the steersman and the guidesman.

NELLIE M. PLATT THOMAS.

Spokane, Wash.



## MINNESOTA TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

By Austin L. Halstead.

Show forth the scroll of Time.  
From musty tomes bring back  
The days when this fair State  
Was young; when all its woods  
And streams were fresh from  
Nature's hand, resounding  
Not with stroke of ax or din  
Of town and mill. Show us  
The men whose restless souls  
First peopled this vast  
Wilderness; whose fearless  
Hearts and brawny arms led  
To a waste's enfranchisement,  
And gave our Flag another  
Blazing star to light the  
Way to Progress. Of such are  
Empires born. They dare what  
Others fear, and in their  
Footsteps, as the day the night,  
Doth follow wealth and honor.

When minstrels of olden times dwelt in lordly castles and gave to willing ears the chronicles of bygone generations, they only did in their sweet way what we of a more practical age do less sentimentally today. Though coat of mail and quartered shield are no longer in evidence; though King Arthur's "Knights of the Round Table" have passed from song and story and from field and hall, it does not follow that romance is dead and that no more tales of heroism are to be recorded. The world is as full of adventure now as it was centuries ago. In place of the barbed horse, the armed retinue, the plumed knight, and the quixotic pilgrimages to the lands of the Saracen, modern men of spirit have gone forth to do battle with the allied forces of Nature. They have controlled rivers, subdued forests, conquered wild beasts, subjugated bloodthirsty savages, and along their myriad trails have sprung up towns, cities, and imperial States. They obliterated the "frontier." They led the way to Kentucky, to Illinois and Wisconsin, to Iowa and Minnesota. Indeed, it is to the Territorial pioneers that Minnesota is indebted in more than one way. They not only bore the torch which lighted up the wilderness—their intelligence led to development, guided the march of progress, and made the North Star State what it is today. For they are not dead, these pioneers—not all of them. Scores of them still live; and among them are men and women whose names are honored and influential, and who, dying, will leave behind them a long record of splendid achievements.

One of the most beautiful States, Minnesota is also one of the most interesting. It has never been desolate. In times unknown the Mound Builders occupied the land. They were the first settlers. Then came the Indians. After a great lapse of time the country was visited by Jesuit missionaries, whose courageous zeal carried the cross far inland from the great waters, and did much to further the advance of civilization. Du Luth, the trader, visited this section of country in 1678. In 1680 Father Hennepin wandered hither and named the Falls of St. Anthony. Several years later a French officer named Perrot constructed a fort on the shore of Lake Pepin, a fine body of water bordering the Mississippi River about fifty miles south of the present city of St. Paul. Le Sueur followed in 1700. Turning the pages of history, it is seen that the English and French occupied the country alternately in

1763, their fights, broils and disputes, in which the red men were always involved, oftentimes assuming tragic proportions.

It was in 1766 that picturesque Jonathan Carver lent his personality to the scene. He was a Connecticut Yankee, keen of intellect and full of the spirit of adventure. The exploration of the Upper Mississippi and many of its tributaries followed at once, and Carver, noting the great natural advantages of the country, lost no time in advertising them to the outside world. It must have been a delightful experience for him. Even the Indians



HON. ALEXANDER RAMSEY.  
First Territorial Governor of Minnesota.

treated him kindly. They showed him a big cave under what is now called Dayton's Bluff, and at a later day, some time in April, 1767, according to Carver himself, a "grand council" of Indians was held in the cave, and he made a speech to the warriors which, for hyperbolic grotesqueness, would be entitled to a master's certificate anywhere. At the same time and place, if traditions are to be believed, the admiring Indians affixed their respective seals and X-marks to a document which deeded to the explorer the whole of a tract of land extending from the Falls of St. Anthony to the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa River joins the Mississippi, thence eastward five days' travel or one hundred miles, thence north six days' travel or 120 miles, and from this point back to St. Anthony in a direct line. Carver does not mention this deed in any of his records, and naught was known of it until after his death in London in 1780. Then it was that an alleged deed

was found, and from that day to this it has been more or less of a nightmare to certain timid property holders within the boundaries named.

Thus runs the story of Minnesota's early days down to the year 1783, at which time Great Britain gave nominal possession of the country to the United States. It was not until 1812, however, that our Government assumed control of the region, and it was then the abiding place of numerous tribes of Indians. The red men were partial to it. They loved its noble bluffs, its beautiful lakes, its winding rivers, its deep, balsamic woods, its quiet valleys and its rolling plains. Wanderers over the land, as they were, they grew familiar with its varied scenery and its unequaled picturesqueness. The forests abounded in game, the waters teemed with fish. Where stately business blocks and homes of opulence now stand, the red men reared their wigwams and staked their long-maned ponies. Bark canoes skimmed the waters now sailed by white-winged yachts. It was primeval. Nature was in a lounging mood. Neither steam nor plow was seen in all the land—nor mill, nor workshop. It was the home par excellence of the American aborigine.

From 1812 to 1830 the march of events was slow, but between 1830-40 settlement was rapid and development sure. Successive treaties gradually dispossessed the Indians of their holdings, and the richness and loveliness of the country attracted scores of pioneers whose names are closely interwoven with the State's young history. Among them were Henry H. Sibley, first governor of the State of Minnesota, and Norman W. Kittson, whose commercial enterprise did so much to develop the resources of the great Northwest. Ft. Snelling, established in 1821, had already attained to considerable importance, and there was also a straggling settlement at what is now called Mendota. Those are interesting days to look back upon. There was slavery here then, though in a very mild form. It was at old Ft. Snelling that the famous "Dred Scott Decision" had its rise. Some of the officers quartered there were owners of slaves, whom they used as body-servants. Among these bondsmen was Dred Scott, an intelligent negro owned by Doctor Emerson, the post surgeon. After the doctor's death at his home in Missouri, Scott claimed that he and his wife and two children were free by virtue of their one-time residence in a free territory. The United States Supreme Court held to the contrary, however, and Scott continued in slavery.

The treaties of 1837 opened the territory to general settlement. Anticipating this outcome, certain wide-awake fellows at Ft. Snelling and Mendota feathered their nests well by locating upon some of the richest and most desirable lands in advance. One of these shrewd



MINNESOTA'S FIRST CAPITOL BUILDING.  
Completed in 1854 at a cost of \$40,000.





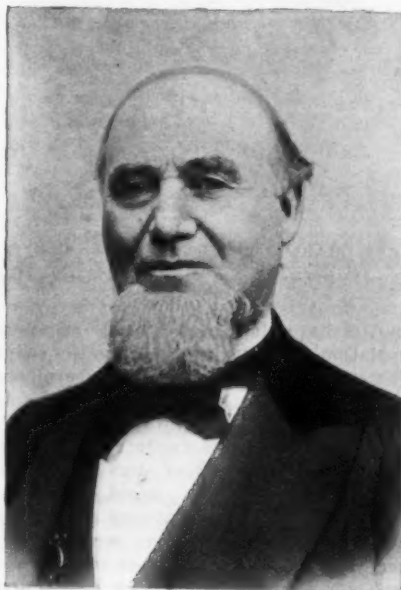
MENDOTA, A SUBURB OF ST. PAUL.  
At one time a vigorous rival for capital honors.

operators in real estate was an alleged scapegrace named Pierre Parrant, a Canadian voyageur, who, the historian says, built his whisky hovel in a lonely place near the fort in 1838, and thus became the founder of St. Paul. At a later day he made a second claim on a tract fronting the Mississippi River and extending from what are now Minnesota and Jackson streets back to the bluffs. He put up a shanty at the foot of Robert Street, where he again dispensed fire-water to all comers. After holding this claim about a year he sold it for ten dollars. The property is now worth millions. Parrant was a good deal of a character. He had only one eye, but its range was wide and it was always open to the first chance. When he was not selling the vilest of whisky, to Indians, soldiers, and settlers alike, he was employing his eye and his wits in sundry attempts to evade the crude frontier laws. He and his place were known as "Pig's Eye." When circumstances compelled his removal to the foot of Dayton's Bluff, the malodorous soubriquet followed him, and that corner of the city of St. Paul is dubbed Pig's Eye to this day.

Not until 1841 did the future capital of Minnesota receive its christening. In that year the Rev. Lucien Galtier came to this locality to dedicate the first house of worship, which he called the "Chapel of St. Paul." It was a good name, and he expressed the desire that it should become the name of the little settlement as well. To this there was no objection, and thus it happened that the North Star capital received its title from a priest of God. It was an isolated community. There were only three points on the Upper Mississippi above Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where the river boats landed with any regularity, and Prairie du Chien, the nearest settlement, was 200 miles distant. Now and then travelers and would-be pioneers found their way to the hamlet, but it was still on the borders of civilization and decidedly primitive. Nevertheless, St. Paul continued to make slow advances. Occasionally a man came who was destined to fill a prominent place in town and State in after years. Such a man was Pierre Bottineau, who became a resident of St. Paul in 1841. His whole life was tinged with romance. He was a famous guide, his services having been peculiarly valuable on account of his familiarity with various Indian tongues. When he died in North Dakota, a year or so ago, many were the heartfelt tributes paid his sterling worth as one of Minnesota's most noted pioneers.

All this history was made fifty-seven years ago. A log chapel, a store, a grocery and a few

cabins constituted the settlement. By 1845 some thirty families inhabited the district between Seven Corners and Phelan's Lake. Nearly all of them were Canadian French, Red River



COL. ALVAREN ALLEN.  
First President Minnesota Territorial Association.

refugees, and their descendants. There were only three or four American whites in the neighborhood, although there were scores of them at a later date. The same year witnessed

the erection of St. Paul's first schoolhouse. It was a log building on the bottom, near the upper levee. But St. Paul did not have children enough to support an institution of learning, in those days, and the school was abandoned. All conveniences were crude. The justice of the peace was also a merchant and a saloon-keeper, and finally his place expanded itself into a sort of inn, which became headquarters for the free and untrammelled exchange of every description of frontier gossip. He was acting postmaster, too, in his easy-going way. There were no "frills" connected with this future great post-office. The inquiring citizen was put in possession of all the mail in the "shebang," and was told to help himself. A year later, when a regular post-office was established, this same merchant-landlord-saloon-keeper-justice of the peace was made St. Paul's first postmaster in fact. The old letter case of sixteen pigeon-holes is still preserved among the valued early-day relics of the St. Paul Historical Society. Those were rude days, at best, and postal conveniences were few and far between. There were only three or four duly commissioned post-offices in all the vast section, one of which, older than St. Paul's by nearly four months, was in Stillwater. Letter-writing was an expensive luxury. A letter from the Eastern States cost twenty-five cents, while the postage on a message from England involved an outlay of fifty cents.

Doubtless these passing events in the pioneer history of the State will be regarded by younger residents as "very small potatoes," but they were not so esteemed by the hardy men and women who participated in them. Every new arrival was an incident. The first Sunday-school in 1847, the first doctor, and the first school-teacher each marked an epoch of great importance in the growth of the settlement. The first school was held in a log-cabin which stood on the corner of Third and St. Peter streets. It was not supplied with adjustable desks, folding seats and steam-heating apparatus, nor was the teacher put to her wit's end in order to find room for all the pupils. Today St. Paul numbers her huge and splendidly-equipped public school buildings by the dozen and her school children by the thousands, but in that pioneer schoolhouse the attendance was limited to four or five pupils—never exceeding ten. It was in this same year that the town-site was surveyed. There were ninety acres of it, all owned by fourteen men, among whom were Henry H. Sibley and A. L. Larpenteur. General Sibley is dead, but Mr. Larpenteur is still at active resident of St. Paul. He came to the settlement in 1843, Mrs. Larpenteur following in his footsteps two years later. She has the honor of being the third white woman settler within the original limits of the Saintly City. The lives of this aged and



THE OLD TOWER AT FT. SNELLING.  
Once a strong defense against savage Indians.

estimable couple have compassed many strange and eventful experiences. To hear them describe early-day incidents is like listening to the reading of a romance—like turning back the pages of history till one comes to the border stories of the Revolutionary Period.

Rapid changes took place in these middle years of the forties. Norman W. Kittson, Joe Rolette, and Alexander Fisher had developed a very important trade with the Red River Country. The records show that as many as 125 cart-loads of furs and merchandise were brought from the upper country in one year's time. Rolette lived in Pembina, and was afterwards a member of the Territorial Legislature. It was he who created so much consternation in 1857 by spiriting away the Legislative Bill which provided that the capitol of the Territory should be removed from St. Paul to St. Peter. In 1847 St. Paul's first regular hotel was built. It was one and a half stories high, and constructed of square-bewed tamarack logs. Many an old settler partook of its hospitality before it was torn down in 1870, to make room for the more pretentious Merchants' Hotel of today. This same period of time witnessed the coming of Rev. Benjamin F. Hoyt to St. Paul, he having cast his fortunes with the place in 1848. Shortly after his arrival he built a tamarack log-cabin on the corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, his claim extending from Eighth to Broadway and up Broadway and Jackson back to the bluff. All this property cost him but \$300; it is now worth hundreds of thousands. It was this same energetic pioneer who was mainly responsible for the building of the first Methodist church in St. Paul, and also for the establishment of Hamline University. He performed the first marriage ceremony in Minneapolis, projected beautiful Oakland Cemetery, and was in every way a useful and honored citizen.

The Territorial period was one of great activity as well as anxiety. It culminated in 1849, when the Territory of Minnesota was created and St. Paul was named as its capital. At this time the entire Territory did not contain more than a thousand white inhabitants. Civilization had gained a foothold, but it still looked out upon a wilderness. There was little promise of the magnificent development which was so soon to follow. Life was simple, wants were few, and many of the settlers, doubtless, were satisfied to limit their ambition to the betterment of their immediate surroundings.

There were a few, however, who realized that a new order of progress now awaited them. This expanding of a wilderness into a regularly constituted Territory meant a great deal to such men, and it was with ready hands and willing hearts that they set to work to build, to improve, and to develop local and Territorial resources. We of the present day know little of the discouragements which everywhere attended the efforts of those hewers and builders fifty years ago. There were only 150 or 200 people in St. Paul, then, and a scant thousand in all that vast territory out of which eighty-one

and finally by thousands. Wherever communities had been formed, there followed the tide of emigration and evidences of improvement.

With the coming of Alexander Ramsey, first governor of the Territory of Minnesota, who arrived in St. Paul on May 27, 1849, a new dignity was given to the people and the country. The time had come for established law and order, and all the people looked into the future with hopeful hearts. Governor Ramsey proved to be the man of all men for the place he had been appointed to. Under his wise administration the Territory grew and prospered amazingly. He was beloved by the people then as he has been honored and loved by them in all the long years that have followed. His name and deeds are associated with every important event in Minnesota's history; so well are they known, by young and old alike, that anything we might say here would be superfluous. He still lives in St. Paul, he still is honored and beloved, and it is the hope and prayer of the people of this great State that he be spared to them many years longer.

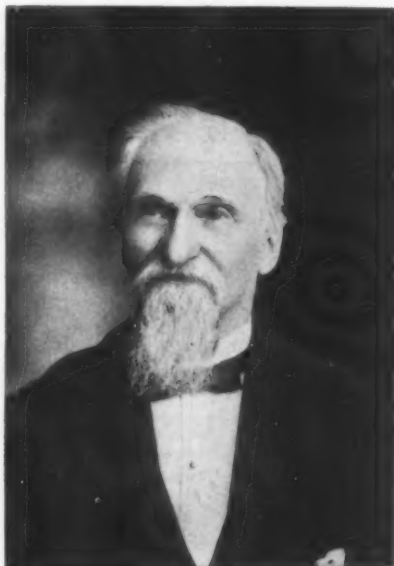
Settlers now poured in rapidly. The month of June, 1849, found 142 buildings in St. Paul. They were either frame or log buildings, and among them were stores, hotels, and warehouses. A newspaper—the *Pioneer*—had been started, and other enterprises had been set on foot. In October of the same year the people were privileged to scan the returns of Minnesota's first Territorial census. St. Paul now had a population of 840, the number of settlers in the Territory having increased to 4,780. Steamboats made the landing frequently, and great loads of new-comers swelled the population of the Territory every month. Stagnation had ceased; in its place had come a marvelous degree of human enterprise and progress. So rapid was the growth of the capital that a better form of government was needed, and in the latter part of the same year the Town of St. Paul was duly incorporated.

The year 1850 continued the prosperity so well inaugurated in 1848-49. At the opening of navigation a single steamboat brought to the new Territory 500 additional settlers, to be followed by other hundreds on steamers which came afterwards. But all this growth, prophetic as it was, could not yet vie with the overpowering forces of Nature. The roar of St. Anthony Falls and the morning reveille at Ft. Snelling could be heard distinctly by pioneers for miles around, a thing utterly impos-



MRS. CHARLOTTE OUISCONSIN VAN CLEVE.  
Born in 1819, and one of Minnesota's oldest living settlers.

counties have since been formed—an average population of twelve human beings to a county. Whatever progress lay before these pioneers must result from their own individual enterprise. There were no railways, no bridges, no highways. It was a new country, in which the hand and the genius of man were pitted against all that is wild, rugged, and intractable in animate and inanimate nature. But these Minnesota forefathers were equal to every task. They reached out after new settlers, and the population grew by hundreds,



A. L. LARPEUR.  
Oldest living settler in St. Paul.



MRS. NELLIE BRIMHALL.  
Granddaughter of Lott Moffet, of "Moffet Castle" fame.



MRS. A. L. LARPEUR.  
Her Minnesota experience dates from 1845.

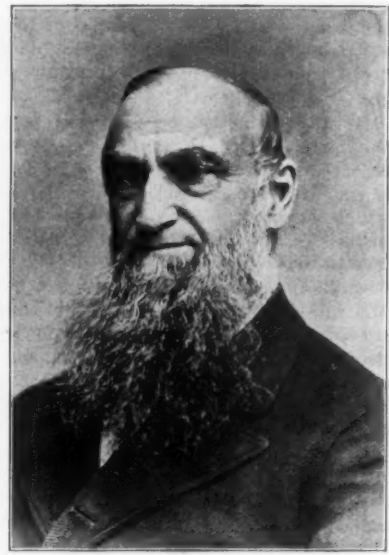




REV. M. N. ADAMS.  
President of the Old Settlers' Association.



HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY.  
A noted resident of Minnesota since 1856.



NATHAN MYRICK.  
One of the founders of La Crosse, Wis.

sible in these latter days. Indians of the Chippewa and Dakota tribes thronged the streets then, and war-dances were not uncommon features of every-day life. It is said that Larpenteur's store was one of the red men's favorite gathering places, Sioux chieftains meeting there frequently to recount their tales of the war-path and to exchange pelts of wild animals for tobacco and other merchandise. Doubtless they read their doom in the numerous signs of the time; for still the population grew, until finally, on March 4, 1854, the incoming tide made it necessary to incorporate the "City of St. Paul," with David Olmsted, a Democrat, for its first mayor.

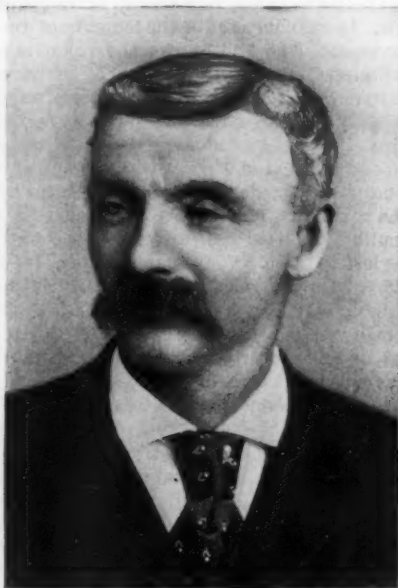
The three years following may be described as Territorial boom years. It is a matter of record that the steamboat company brought 30,000 settlers to Minnesota in 1857. Some of these new people became residents of towns and villages, while others entered upon their work as tillers of the soil. St. Paul, of course, was a very busy place. Even in 1855 its population had increased to 4,716, Ramsey County

having 9,475, and the Territory 53,600 people. There were large accessions to the population of every considerable town. It was in 1855 that St. Anthony Falls was incorporated as a city. Not much headway had been made on the site now occupied by Minneapolis, however. In 1820 a Government lumber and grist-mill was erected just below the falls, but it was not until 1854 that the first private mill was constructed—a lumber-mill which had a capacity of 75,000,000 feet per annum, and which led the way to the Flour City's present industrial greatness. Minneapolis was given a village organization in 1858, and from this date it entered upon a spirited rivalry with its larger sister ten miles down the river.

Naturally enough, all this development created the choicest possible opportunities for speculation. Town lots, under the skillful manipulation of enthusiastic real estate boomers, were sold at ridiculously high figures, and new buildings of brick, stone, and frame were put up as fast as carpenters and masons could place the timbers and nail on the boards or lay

the brick. By May 11, 1858, Minnesota had become a State, with a population exceeding 150,000, and by 1860 St. Paul had 10,279 people and the county 12,150. In June, 1862, the first railway was operated under the name of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad Company, and on August 20 of the same year, as if in mockery of all these civilizing agencies, occurred the fearful Sioux massacre on the Minnesota frontier, one of the most bloodthirsty and unprovoked outbreaks in American history.

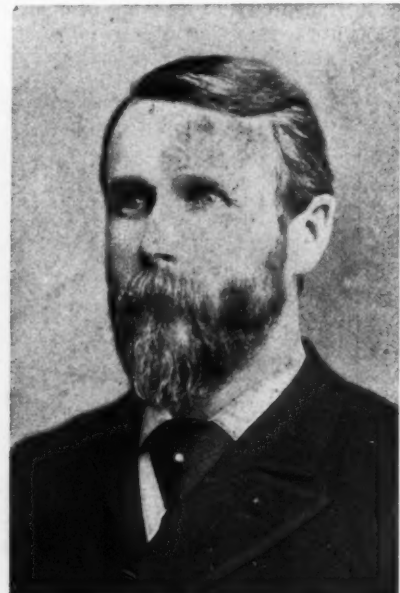
From this time on great strides were taken. Extending from 1865 to 1870 was a period of extraordinary development. Railways were multiplying, capital was plentiful, and confidence throughout the State was strong. Every center of population drew its fair quota of new settlers. Minneapolis became a city in '67, and in 1872 it absorbed St. Anthony Falls. Three years later St. Paul's population exceeded 33,000, and the property valuation of the city was placed at \$27,755,966. The State had fared equally well. In twenty-six years the number of its inhabitants had grown from 2,935 to a



ERNST ALBRECHT.  
Minnesota's pioneer merchant furrier.



ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.  
A distinguished prelate who came to St. Paul in 1862.



GEORGE H. HAZZARD.  
Commissioner Interstate Park Dalles of St. Croix.

grand total of 595,407. Today, forty years since Minnesota was admitted into the Union, there are nearly 2,000,000 people in the State and it ranks as one of the richest, most progressive and best developed commonwealths in the Great Northwest.

In thus tracing the epoch-making periods in the history of the North Star State a single object has been kept in view—the perpetuation of incidents, experiences and achievements which marked the lives of Minnesota's early pioneers. They are the men, and their help-meets are the women, to whom all Minnesotans owe the splendid heritage of the present. Many of them are dead, but many of them still survive. The names of a number of these pioneers have already been mentioned, but there are hundreds more, whose lives, perhaps, are equally interesting, who must be satisfied with the simple enrollment of their names in the long column of honor. Not even this would be possible had it not been for the enterprise of Mr. W. H. Hoyt of St. Paul, who some time ago conceived the idea of calling a meeting of parties interested and of organizing a Territorial pioneer association. An Old Settlers' Society was already in existence, but this did not include many who were born in Minnesota prior to its admission into the Union, nor did it include the children who first accompanied the early settlers to this region. Mr. Hoyt, whose father, Rev. Benjamin F. Hoyt, has received honorable mention elsewhere in these pages, came to St. Paul in 1848, when he was seven years of age, and therefore felt that he, and others in common with him, should in some manner be banded together as surviving pioneers. He communicated his idea to other old-timers, and it proved very popular. A meeting followed, and on May 11, 1897, the "Minnesota Territorial Pioneers" was a duly organized association with a representative membership. Col. A. Allen of St. Paul was elected president, William E. Lee vice-president, H. S. Fairchild second vice-president, W. H. Hoyt secretary, and John A. Stees treasurer. Any man who settled or who was born in Minnesota on or before its admission to the Union on May 11, 1858, no matter where he may reside now, is eligible to membership; and all women who were in Minnesota on or before the date mentioned, are eligible to honorary membership.

The movement so successfully started has been fraught with gratifying results. It has brought the surviving pioneers into touch with

one another; it has cemented old-time friendships and renewed old-time associations; it has re-invigorated dying memories, aroused new pride in early-day experiences, and established an *esprit de corps* that was hitherto unknown and unfelt by the old settler fraternity. It culminated most triumphantly on the night of the eighth of January, 1898, when a host of gray-headed men and women came together in the legislative halls at the capitol in St. Paul, for the purpose of holding "The First Grand Jubilee Social of Minnesota Pioneers." This event also originated in the fertile brain of W. H. Hoyt, the founder of the association, to whom much praise is due and has been given. It was a huge task; but Mr. Hoyt, who fought in the ranks of the First Minnesota Volunteers during the War of the Rebellion, and who is now a member of the old Acker Post, knew no such word as defeat, and succeeded in piloting the First Grand Jubilee Social to a memorable and most happy ending. Hundreds of old settlers throughout the State were not present on this occasion, but those that were there hallowed the place and sanctified the hour. For many of them, doubtless, this first reunion will also prove the last. They are growing old—these fathers and mothers, these sons and daughters of fifty years ago. Whiteness of locks, trembling voices, and faltering footsteps, each remind us of the nearing end.

But no one thought of such things on the

night of that glad reunion. The spirits of these makers of a commonwealth ran high, and it was with pardonable pride that they listened to the stories of their eventful past. Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who was lieutenant-governor of Minnesota under the able administration of Governor Ramsey, was master of ceremonies. On one side of this noted orator, statesman and litterateur sat ex-Governor Ramsey, on the other side was ex-Governor Andrew R. McGill. Seated upon the platform with President Allen of the Minnesota Territorial Pioneers was A. L. Larpenteur, one of the oldest living settlers in the State, and H. L. Moss. It was a large assemblage. Each of the legislative halls was crowded, and every one of the pioneers wore a little red, white and blue flag badge. There were pioneers from Minneapolis, from Stillwater, and from other parts of the State, many of whom are representative of the present as well as of the past.

When ex-Governor Ramsey, the guest of honor, approached the speaker's stand in the hall of representatives and ascended the platform, the brilliant occasion was formally opened with prayer by Rev. W. C. Pope, the audience joining in repeating the Lord's Prayer. There was pathos in this act, and all felt it. Chairman Donnelly then tendered an eloquent welcome to those who were present. He said that the concourse before him was an extraordinary sight. It was composed of the founders of a commonwealth, who had carried the beauties and glories of civilization into a land of barbarism. Whittier's poetic vision in his poem on the eagle's quill from Lake Superior was no fancy flight. The poet's characterization of the elements "plastic and warm," which he predicted would soon become "an empire in form," had been realized. The history of Minnesota was peculiar. The early history of other countries was lost in the mist and clouds of tradition and told only in the tales of folk lore. "But here tonight," said Mr. Donnelly, "are the men and women who made the early history of Minnesota, and all posterity may learn every detail of the remarkable drama."

After the production of a new version of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," by a chorus of Territorial Pioneer children, Mr. A. L. Larpenteur made a few remarks. This aged pioneer heard William H. Seward say on the capitol steps in 1860 that Minnesota was destined to become the center of the Republic, and he rejoiced in the fact that he had lived to see the prophecy fulfilled. Frank Wilson followed this with "The Song of the Ax," and then ex-Governor Ramsey was presented to the audience, which he addressed happily but briefly.



REPRESENTATIVES OF FOUR GENERATIONS.

1. Lorenzo Hoyt, who came to St. Paul in 1849. 2. Dr. H. F. Hoyt (son of Lorenzo) and son Terrell. 3. H. K. Terrell, father-in-law of Lorenzo Hoyt, and founder of Lake City, Minn.



A SECOND GROUPING OF OLD SETTLER GENERATIONS.

1. Mrs. Dr. J. H. Murphy, of St. Paul. 2. Mrs. J. Bumiller (daughter of Mrs. E. L. Blasdel) and child, of Los Angeles, Cal. 3. Mrs. E. L. Blasdel (daughter of Mrs. Dr. Murphy), of St. Paul.





P. H. KELLY.

A leading wholesale merchant who came here in '57.

As variety is the spice of life among old folk as well as young folk, speechmaking was interrupted at this point in order that a double quartette of men might sing the following original lullaby, dedicated to the "Old-Time Boys of Territorial Days," by W. H. Hoyt, the final stanza having been sung by the author himself in response to an enthusiastic encore:

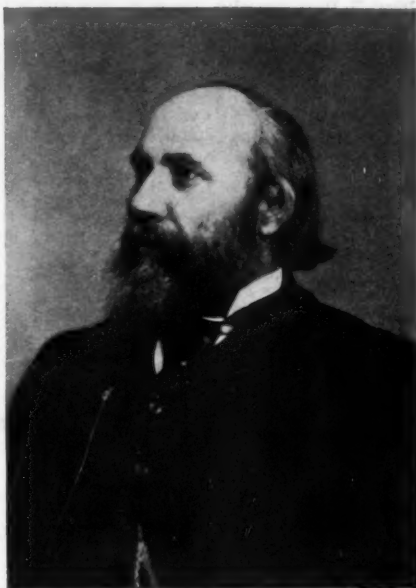
"Territorial days" were good old days,  
And we old boys were here;  
And men didn't have such devilish ways,  
When the good old days were here.  
Candidates for governor were not too thick,  
When the good old days were here;  
And Populists didn't make the people sick,  
And Ignatius Donnelly was here.

Chorus:

Bye, baby, bye-o. Bye, baby, bye-o, Bye, baby, bye-o,  
The old-time boys are here.

The first boat comin' round the bend,  
When the old-time days were here,  
Brought the very first news since the last summer's end,

For the old-time boys to hear.  
Wild ducks and geese didn't fly too high,  
When the good old days were here,  
And everybody ate wild pigeon pie,  
And we old boys were here.



JAMES J. HILL.

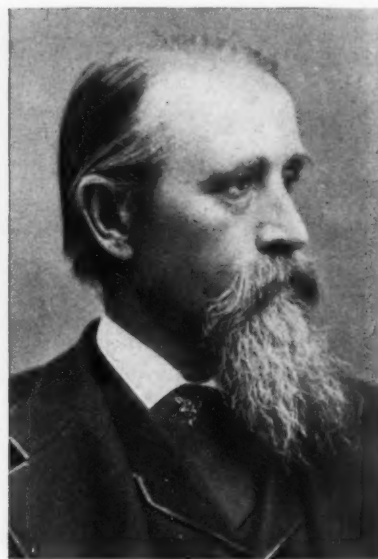
President Great Northern Railway, and pioneer of '56.

There was no railroad then on hand,  
When the old-time days were here,  
But steamboats so thick they couldn't all land,  
In the spring-time of the year.  
Now the locomotive shrieks, and the birds fly high,  
And the telegraph brings the news,  
And we couldn't buy a wild pigeon pie,  
If we had the wealth of the Jews.

Then, the half-breed driver, the Red River train,  
With its wooden carts shrieking so shrill;  
Now the palace coach rumbles o'er mountain and plain,  
And the driver is James J. Hill.  
He was one of us then, he is one of us now,  
Though his station in life is now higher;  
He was then a mud clerk for a stern-wheel line,  
Now he sails with the highest high-flyer.

Our legislators they were wise,  
In the Territorial days;  
But some would steal and tell big lies,  
In the Territorial days.  
They tried to steal the capitol,  
But Rolette stole the bill,  
And that's the reason why St. Paul  
Is the seat of government still.

Shortly afterward the social was brought to an end. Further remarks were made by ex-Governor McGill, and some very interesting reminiscences were listened to from Mrs. Char-



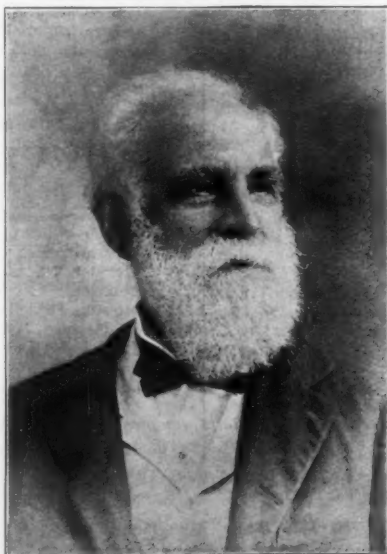
HON. CHARLES E. FLANDRAU.

A pioneer, and one of Minnesota's eminent jurists.

lotte Oulscousin Van Cleve, widow of the late Major-General H. P. Van Cleve. She is nearly eighty years of age, probably the oldest settler of her sex in the State, and is still in full possession of all her faculties. Her father was an officer in the Fifth U. S. Infantry, and came to Minnesota many years ago to build old Ft. Snelling. A few words from ex-Lieutenant-Governor C. A. Gilman, a few more songs, a hearty vote of thanks to the originator of the occasion, Mr. W. H. Hoyt, and then the First Grand Jubilee Social of Minnesota Pioneers had passed into history. An alphabetical list of the names of those in attendance from St. Paul, Minneapolis and other points is given as follows, the abbreviated dates indicating when they came to Minnesota or at what time they were born here:

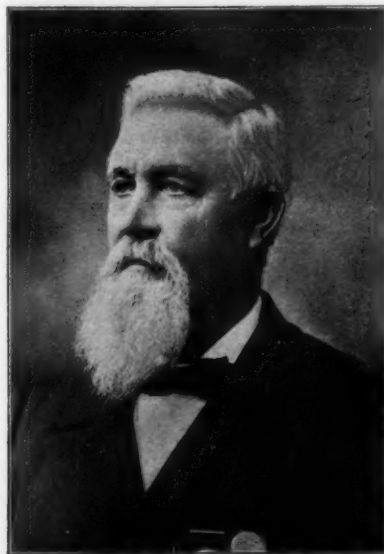
## ST. PAUL.

Col. Alvaren Allen and wife, '51.	Chas. N. Akers, '58.
Ernst Albrecht, '55.	L. M. Ayers and wife, '54.
W. C. Ashton and wife, '55.	N. W. Atkinson, '48.
Rev. Moses N. Adams and wife, '48.	Wm. L. Ames and wife, '52.
	Wm. Q. Allen, '51.



CAPT. PETER BERKEY.

A leading citizen of St. Paul since 1853.



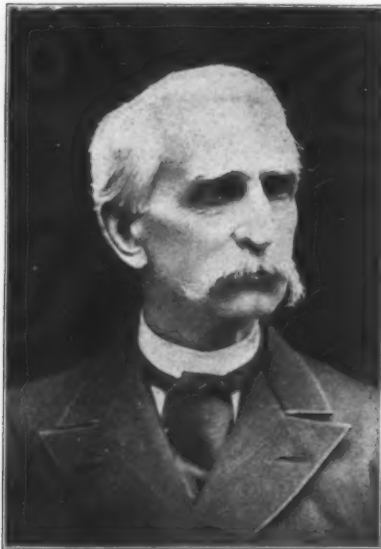
T. J. SHEEHAN.

Dept. U. S. Marshal. Came to Minnesota in '37.



WILLIAM Q. ALLEN.

Has been in the State since 1851.



JOHN FARRINGTON.

After whom Farrington Avenue, St. Paul, is named.

Wm. Bircher, '51. Patrick Butler and wife, '55.  
 Capt. Peter Berkey and wife, '53. Uriah Branch, '55.  
 Henry Belland, Jr., '40. A. Benham, '54.  
 Enoch F. Berrisford, '56. Mrs. A. L. Bolton, '58.  
 J. S. Boyd, '54. J. A. Barton, '56.  
 H. C. Burbank, '53. Capt. Jos. Burger and wife, '48.  
 J. S. Boyd, '54. F. B. Bookman, '54.  
 H. J. Brainerd, '55. E. W. Basille, '55.  
 S. Buneman, '54. Philip Bardon, '49.  
 John Berrisford, '56. Geo. Bruce and wife, '57.  
 B. A. Brunson, '56. W. L. Benson, '52.  
 Mrs. Julia A. Buckwheat, '56. Geo. Benz, '56.  
 M. L. Bevans, '55. Wm. Brown, '57.  
 Mrs. G. N. Benham, '53. J. G. Bass and wife, '50.  
 P. E. Brown and wife, '57. Geo. Barton, '56.  
 Mrs. Bruno Chenevert, '52.

A. H. Cavender and wife, '48. Mrs. Julia Coty, '52.  
 Jos. F. Chapron and wife, '55. Philip Crowley, '57.  
 John Crawford, '46. C. M. Crowley, '57.  
 H. W. Cavanaugh, '57. Geo. E. Colgrave, '57.  
 A. L. Cornish, '53. James Cunniff, '56.  
 Edwin Clarke, '57. E. L. Crosby, '52.  
 A. Charbonneau and wife, '53. Wm. S. Combs, '51.  
 Jos. Charbonneau, '53. John K. Cook, '54.  
 E. F. Crocker and wife, '55. Martin W. Castner, '56.  
 A. R. Capehart, '56.  
 N. A. Cook and wife, '56.

J. C. Donahower, '56. Mrs. Sarah G. Davis, '58.  
 Geo. W. Delter, '55. John Delaney, '56.  
 Jas. Devitt and wife, '56. Mrs. Catherine Casey Doherty, '54.  
 Mrs. Demarest, '50. Jos. O. Dubord, '54.  
 M. Defiel, '55. Robert Deakin, '55. Robert I. Dugan and wife, '58.  
 P. Doherty, '56. Alfred Dufrene and wife, '54. M. H. Daly and wife, '56.

Mrs. A. J. Edgerton, '55. Wm. F. Eilers, '55.  
 Geo. B. Edgerton, '57. J. F. Essler and wife, '58.  
 Jos. H. Egan, '57.

John Farrington, '50. N. P. Flak, '57.  
 Nicholas J. Flynn, '51. Henry S. Fairchild and wife, '57.  
 Chas. C. Fox, '50. Milton H. Furnell, '48.  
 James H. Farrell, '57. James M. Furnell, '56.  
 S. P. Folsom and wife, '47.

Geo. W. Gauthier and wife, '53. Mrs. George Griggs, '57.  
 John H. Gibbons and wife, '57. W. J. Godfrey, '51.  
 August Giesman and wife, '56. Mrs. Eliza Godfrey, '52.  
 Sealum Gates and wife, '54. M. F. Gellina, '52.  
 E. Gottschammer, '56.  
 J. Grindall, '57.  
 H. F. Green and wife, '52.

W. G. Hendrickson and wife, '50. Egbert E. Hughson and wife, '55.  
 W. W. Howard, '56. Nick Hendy, '53.  
 George L. Hause, '52. J. H. Hullsiek, '55.

Robert N. Hare and wife, '57. Amos W. Hall and wife, '58.  
 E. J. Hodgson, '55. John E. Haggenmiller, '55.  
 Lorenzo Hoyt and wife, '48. Jas. S. Hough and wife, '50.  
 Jno. F. Hoyt and wife, '48. W. H. Hoyt, '48.  
 James K. Hoffman, '51.

B. F. Irvine, '48. William Jones, '54. R. H. L. Jewett and wife, '55.  
 John C. Jensen, '57.

Patrick Keigher, '56. Louis Korfhage and wife, '57.  
 H. H. Kent, '50. Louis Kohlman, '58.  
 F. Knauff, '51. John Kerwin, '57.  
 Chas. Keller, '58. Miss Kelley, '55.  
 William H. Kelley and wife, '55. D. L. Kingsbury and wife, '54.  
 William Kohlman, '54. Edward G. Krahmer, '58.  
 C. C. King and wife, '54. J. Keller, '57.  
 Miss Jennie King, '55. A. F. Kreger, '58.  
 James King, '57. A. F. Knight and wife, '57.  
 Mrs. Martin N. Kellogg, '40.

C. La Chance, '56. John Lyons, '55.  
 Geo. Laurent, '52. J. W. Lauderdale and wife, '51.  
 Edward A. Low, '55. Mrs. Freeman Lane, '54.  
 E. S. Lightbourn and wife, '49. Geo. H. Lains, '57.  
 P. J. Lyan and wife, '56. Chas. H. Lindeke, '57.  
 F. A. Leyde, '57. A. L. Larpeur and wife, '43.  
 Patrick Lynch, '55. William H. Lauderdale, '54.  
 Geo. C. Lynch and wife, '56.

Francis McNamara, '57. A. J. Meacham and wife, '55.  
 Thomas Montgomery and wife, '56. Peter Minea, '56.  
 Geo. R. Morton, '56. Sarah Moffett Mabon, '48.  
 Jacob Mathes, '52. J. P. Melancon, '54.  
 Mrs. O. C. Macklett, '57. Timothy McCue, '55.  
 T. E. Mathes, '55. W. F. Murch, '50.  
 Herman Muehlberg and wife, '56. Mrs. Frank Murch, '54.  
 Joseph Minea and wife, '56. R. Morey and wife, '57.  
 '56. John McCloud, '57.  
 Nathan Myrick, '42. H. L. Moss and wife, '48.  
 Nelson D. Miller and wife, '53. Frank P. McGuire, '57.  
 Chas. E. Mayo and wife, '57. A. MacDonald and wife, '57.  
 '53. Jos. P. McGeehan and wife, '57.  
 Rus C. Munger, '57. Mrs. J. H. Murphy, '49.  
 Frederick J. Metzger, '56. Geo. F. Mortimer, '38.  
 Jos. Marien, '54. Mrs. Mary C. Moore, '57.  
 J. H. Mayall and wife, '54. S. H. Metzger and wife, '55.  
 E. L. Mabon and wife, '58. James McDonald, '56.  
 '58. R. H. Mellen, '54.  
 C. S. McLagan and wife, '49. Thos. McArdie, '55.  
 John Murphy, '49. H. C. Marsden and wife, '53.  
 John McCauley, '55. Wm. P. Murray and wife, '49.  
 Mrs. Odessa McMillan, '53. Mrs. James Murphy, '55.

George A. Nash, '53.



W. H. HOYT.

Founder of the Minnesota Territorial Pioneers Association.



H. L. MOSS.

Who read an interesting paper at the Grand Social.

P. O'Regan and wife, '55. Frederick Oliva, '47.  
 Henry O'Gorman, '52. Tere Orlence, '56.

Rev. William C. Pope, '57. Mrs. E. J. Painter, '57.  
 '57. Phil. Potts, '57.  
 J. G. Petter, '55. Mrs. M. A. Pribble, '54.  
 C. F. Petter, '55. F. M. Painter, '57.  
 Mrs. Augusta Peters, '56. J. H. D. Painter, '57.  
 Chas. Peters, '54. Judson Parker, '57.  
 H. J. Peters, '56. E. W. Patridge, '56.  
 Jesse H. Pomeroy and wife, '45. Robert H. Patterson, D. S., '55.

Wm. L. Quinn, '28. P. M. Quinlan, '56.

Timothy Reardon, '56. Mrs. E. Rhoades, '53.  
 E. T. Root, '57. Cornelius Reley and wife, '55.  
 A. J. Rose, '46. John M. Rooney, '55.  
 Capt. C. T. Rouleau, '45. E. G. Rogers, '56.  
 Mrs. E. E. Randall, '57. E. Rice, '55.  
 P. O. Regan and wife, '55. Hon. Alexander Ramsey, '49.  
 John Rogers and wife, '49. Michael Roach, '57.  
 Mrs. Mathilda J. Russell, '54. John Rigney, '55.  
 F. A. Renz, '51. D. C. Ryan, '54.  
 E. W. Randall and wife, '58. William Rose, '46.  
 Walter S. Reed, '51.

Philip W. Schweitzer, Allen Swain and wife, '58.  
 C. J. Sudheimer, '55. Jacob Schnitzius and wife, '57.  
 P. H. Smith, '54. Peter Springer, '56.  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, '50. E. J. Stillwell, '52.  
 Mrs. Hattie A. Smith, '56. W. A. Somers, '57.  
 J. H. Schurmeier, '52.  
 Fred Smith and wife, '55. Frank Schlick, '57.  
 John R. Sloan, '48. N. Stadfield, '57.  
 Mrs. Anna Spannuth, '56. Wm. Silcox, '56.  
 Mrs. E. J. Schell, '52. Mrs. Frances Illingworth Silcox, '51.  
 R. W. Seager, '53. Joseph Smith and wife, '54.

Albert Tripp and wife, '56. John C. Terry, '49.  
 John Towler and wife, '58. James F. Tostevin, '55.  
 Wm. R. Tostevin and wife, '55. John W. Terry, '49.  
 Miss A. E. Tinker, '50. H. G. Tayernier, '53.  
 W. H. Tinker and wife, '49. A. A. Thompson, '54.  
 Mrs. John Treacy, '56. J. H. Thurston, '55.  
 Wm. H. Temple, '56. Mrs. C. M. Toomey, '55.  
 Chas. Timme and wife, '55. Frank Tibbitts and wife, '58.  
 M. C. Tuttle and wife, '53.  
 J. Thomas and wife, '54.

Dr. A. T. Upham and wife, '56. C. S. Uline, '56.

Dr. F. W. Van Slyke, Miss Mary Vincent, '52.

J. W. Wait and wife, '55. Jerry Webber, '51.  
 R. A. Wait, '56. John Williams, '52.  
 John Way, '55. Mrs. L. A. Williams, '54.



John Willoughby and Thomas Perry Wilson,  
wife, '54. '56.  
Isaac W. Webb, '54. Wm. Wagner, '57.  
James J. Warner and James A. Wilson and  
wife, '58. '57.  
Mrs. Hilland H. White, M. H. Warner, '47.  
'56.

Mathias Young and wife, Bernard Zimmermann,  
'57. '57.

## MINNEAPOLIS.

Henry C. Aldrich, M. D., Mrs. Cyrus Aldrich, '54.  
'57.

Ellen G. Blsbee, '57. Geo. A. Brown, '54.  
E. C. Briggs and wife, M. C. Burr, '56.  
'54.

Mrs. E. A. Conillard, '53. C. B. Chapman, '51.  
E. H. Connor and wife, Hon. D. M. Clough, '57.  
'48.

J. W. Day, '53. Mrs. Florence Griswold  
Major T. K. Danforth, Dearing, '56.  
'53.

Geo. L. Henderson and H. H. Humphrey and  
wife, '54. wife, '53.  
Thos. Hughes, '56. George E. Huey and  
N. P. Hayes and wife, wife, '51.  
'54.

Jesse G. Jones, '57. Henry Jones and wife,  
'54.

Edw. Kent, '56.

C. L. Larpenteur and A. D. Libby and wife,  
wife, '49. '56.

R. J. Mendenhall and Mrs. Katherine Miller,  
wife, '58. '54.

F. G. McMillan and wife, Mrs. W. A. Marr, '58.  
'56. P. F. Milnor and wife,  
'56.

L. W. Noble, '56.

James Patton and wife, Mrs. C. H. Peake, '56.  
'51. Mrs. A. M. Parker, '48.

Mrs. Mary Roy, '52. Mrs. D. B. Rollins, '57.

Miss Carrie V. Stratton, O. T. Sweet and wife,  
'52. '56.

W. W. Spear and wife, Mrs. S. C. Swift, '58.  
'56.

E. J. Thompson, '52. Mrs. Martha J. Thurs-  
ton, '55.

James Ulger, '57.

Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve, '19.

John Williams, '56. Mrs. S. Williams, '56.  
Emery Worthingham, Mrs. G. C. Wright, '58.  
'49. Gilbert Whittier and  
P. E. Walker and wife, wife, '55.  
'56. Miss Erma Willard, '57.

## FROM OTHER POINTS.

Mrs. J. V. Bally, Red Sauk Rapids, '50.  
Rock, '50. Levi Bally and wife,  
R. C. Burdick and wife, Langdon, '50.

A. P. Connolly, Chicago, J. H. Crandall and wife,  
'57. Langdon, '55.

Ignatius Donnelly, Nin- wife, White Bear, '51.  
inger, '56. Henry A. Durand, New-  
port, '51.

W. H. Ferguson, Excel- sior, '54.

Mrs. N. S. Flynt, Far- lor's Falls, '36.  
bault, '57. F. C. Ford and wife, Red  
W. H. C. Folsom, Tay- Rock, '44.

Hon. C. A. Gilman and wife, St. Cloud, '55.

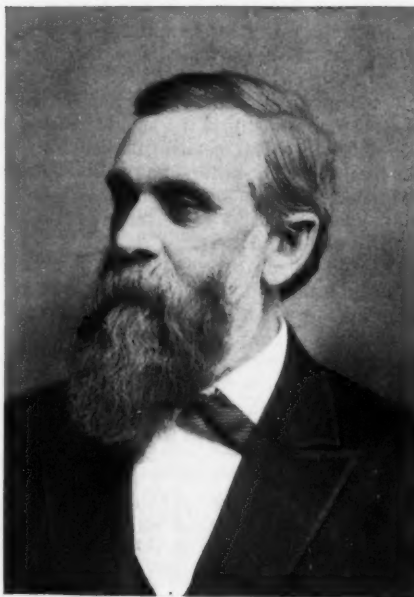
W. W. Hall and wife, Geo. H. Hazard and  
Red Rock, '55. wife, Taylor's Falls,  
Stephen Hopkins, Grace- '57.  
ville, '56.

William Keane, Lake- Langdon, '54.  
ville, '55. C. E. Kemp and wife,  
D. A. Kemp and wife, Langdon, '54.

Mrs. Lucena Kemp, Shakopee, '56.  
Langdon, '54. W. L. Laramée, St.  
Isaac Lincoln and wife, Paul Park, '55.

Wm. Moore and wife, E. G. Munger and wife,  
Red Rock, '50. Langdon, '52.

N. L. Munger and wife, W. R. Munger and wife,  
Newport, '57. Langdon, '52.



ROBERT A. SMITH.  
Postmaster of St. Paul. Came here in '53.

John D. McArthur, Blue Earth City, '56. McCauleyville, '57.  
Mrs. David McCauley, '56. John Morey, Hastings,

Mrs. Wm. Peasley, Tay- G. S. Pease, Anoka, '57.  
lor's Falls, '57.

Mrs. Amy Harrington Ray, Wayzata, '54.

S. D. Seamons, St. An- Rich Valley, '53.  
thony Park, '53. Thenord Spoor, Cottage

Mrs. Mary E. Scofield, St. Paul Park, '55. W. R. Scofield, Newport,  
'52.

H. O. Sproat, St. Paul T. J. Sheehan, Albert  
Park, '56. Lea, '57.

Walter W. Stratton, Bear, '57.

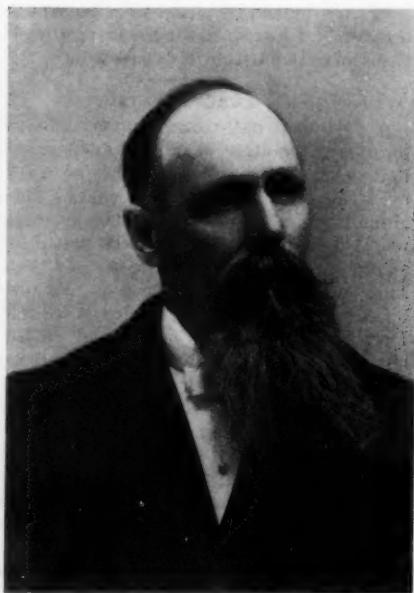
Rebecca M. Thorne, White Bear, '57.

Ida W. Van Cleve, Man- torville, '54.

Mrs. Mary C. Ward, mington, '56.  
Hastings, '57. Geo. Woodward and wife,  
Albert Whittier, Far- Langdon, '56.

There are many pioneers in the State who  
were unable to attend the meeting, some of  
whom are named as follows:

Archbishop John Ireland, Jas. J. Hill, St. Paul, '56.  
St. Paul, '52. Frank B. Bass, St. Paul.



HON. DAVID M. CLOUGH.  
Governor of Minnesota, and a pioneer of '57.

Dr. D. M. Graham, Min- Edward F. Krahmer and  
neapolis, '53. wife, St. Paul, '54.  
Wm. P. Jewett, St. Paul, John D. Ludden, St. Paul,  
'55. '45.  
Chas. E. Flandrau, St. Sam'l G. Sloan, St. Paul,  
Paul, '53. '55.  
Henry P. Upham, St. A. B. Easton, Stillwater,  
Paul, '57. '57.  
Nicholas Hardy, St. Paul, E. W. Durant, Stillwater,  
'57. '48.  
J. H. Bohrer, St. Paul, Hon. Daniel Buck, Man-  
'52. kato.  
Margaret C. Way, St. Hon. Loren W. Collins,  
Paul, '55. St. Cloud.  
Geo. L. Becker, St. Paul, Hon. H. K. Terrell, Lake  
'49. City, '49.  
Capt. Edwin Bell, St. Adam Marty, St. Paul,  
Paul, '50. '49.  
John McKusick, St. Paul, Anthony Kelly, Minne-  
'40. apolis, '58.  
Daniel Bassett, Minne- J. C. Oswald, Minneapo-  
apolis, '55. lis, '57.  
T. B. Walker, Minneapo- P. H. Kelly, St. Paul, '57.  
lis, '62.

Among others who were present at the Grand  
Social are the following:

Hon. Andrew R. McGill. Mrs. B. Northrup.  
D. F. Rogers. J. H. Thompson.  
T. D. Rogers. Carl E. Van Cleve.  
Miss H. C. Toomey. E. R. Nafsa.  
Miss Florence Toomey. Mrs. Nellie Brimhall.  
Miss Marie Toomey. D. F. McCarthy.  
Miss Dora Muehlberg. Capt. J. Titlow.  
Miss Elsie Muehlberg. Prof. C. H. Congdon.  
Ben T. Hoyt. Frank Wilson and wife.  
C. C. Hoyt. Chas. E. Casler.  
Miss Frances Hoyt. G. W. Benedict, '54.  
Chas. O. Krieger. H. V. Coster, '56.  
Miss Irma Willard. D. W. Cameron, '54.  
Walter Swain. Peter Solvers, '57.  
Miss Sarah C. Smith. N. Watkinson, '48.  
Geo. W. Harding. Frank McGiner, '57.  
S. M. Myers, '56. Louis Laramée and wife.  
Miss A. King.

In this long list are many names that belong  
to men whose deeds it would be interesting to  
record, but the limitations of this article have  
already been exceeded. A goodly number of  
them came together again in the same place on  
May 11, 1898, at which time the Minnesota  
Territorial Pioneers' Association held its first  
annual meeting and elected the following of-  
ficers for the ensuing year: President, Hon.  
L. W. Collins, of St. Cloud; vice-president, Ara  
Barton, of Northfield; second vice-president,  
William P. Murray; treasurer, J. A. Stees;  
secretary, M. J. O'Connor, the last three being  
residents of St. Paul. On this occasion the  
muster-rolls of the association bore the names  
of 382 pioneers; and when, at a later hour, the  
annual meeting adjourned and the members  
gathered about a banquet-table in the old  
Merchants' Hotel, a jollier or a more enthusi-  
astic lot of men it would have been hard to  
find. They "toasted" the State and toasted  
one another; they exchanged anecdotes and in-  
dulged in reminiscences galore; and when the  
banquet ended and their tongues were nearly  
mute, they voted, even as we do, that of all the  
proudly exclusive organizations in the North  
Star State, The Minnesota Territorial Pioneers'  
Association is most exclusive and most worthy  
of honor.

GOLD CRAZE NOT DEAD.—Newspapers may  
try ever so hard to convince the public that the  
Klondike is a dead letter, but they will labor in  
vain. So long as men continue to bring back  
comfortable fortunes in gold from that region,  
just so long will other men be influenced to go  
thither to try their luck. There is hardly a  
day, now, that does not chronicle the return of  
Alaskan or Klondike prospectors with little  
fortunes ranging from \$6,000 to \$40,000. Now  
and then a man comes back with a good deal  
more gold. Even a few thousands mean inde-  
pendence and comfort to the great majority,  
and the hope of plucking this from the frozen  
North will lure many another man from his  
present life of toil and penury.



#### He Has Hope.

A Colgate man says that though the air is rather hot and sultry just now, he expects a little fresh heir soon.—*Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.*

#### The Chance of His Life.

A Missouri editor announces the marriage of William Williams to Miss Willie Willis, and a rival editor suggests that he missed the chance of his life by not adding to the announcement:

"For particulars, see small Bills."—*Echo (Minn.) Enterprise.*

#### Adam and Eve Traduced.

And now iconoclasm demands that Adam and Eve be depicted with bodies brown, hairy, sun-tanned, and covered with dirt. Well, if realism demands this, the new woman will make it cheerful for the chaps who do the depicting.—*Whatcom (Wash.) Reveille.*

#### A Facetious Justice.

A Montana justice, whose identity must remain unknown, is said to have discharged a man brought before him on the charge of stealing a kit of mackerel, on the ground that there is no State law prohibiting hooking fish.—*Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian.*

#### Strictly Local Joke.

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the farmer, as he contemplated a group of "dead soldiers" on the depot platform. "I've heerd right smart o' talk about them there 'blind pigs,' but dumbbed if thet ain't the fust time I ever seen beer-kais that wuz labeled 'Hamm's.'"—*Sheldon (N. D.) Progress.*

#### Helping Her Out.

After finishing her trading at Whatcom the other day, a young lady discovered that she had lost her pocket-book. The clerk, wishing to console her, said:

"Now, lady, probably you have done as I did when I went to Fairhaven last week; in changing my pants I left my pocket-book in my old ones."—*Fairhaven (Wash.) World-Herald.*

#### An Awkward Error.

"I don't like to ride my bicycle now," said the fair Walla Walla girl, "because of the wind."

The young man slightly blushed.

"Co-couldn't you use strips of lead, or something?" he stammered.

"Strips of lead for what?"

The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot.

"Why, in the hem of your sk-skirts," he stut-tered.

"My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty. "I'm not talking about my skirts; it's my frizzes that the wind blows out."

And the youth went forth into the cool night and butted his head against the first lamp-post.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman.*

#### A Few Airs from a Whirlwind.

One of our neighbors tried to milk his cow the other night while smoking a cigar. While thus engaged, he inadvertently pressed the lighted end against the cow's flank. Thinking a firefly was biting her, the cow introduced her whole muscle energy of about two tons into one

of her hind legs, and gave the man a milk-punch in the region of the watch-pocket.

This put the cigar out. The man was also considerably put out.

I rushed up to where he lay, as quickly as possible, and asked him if I should run and get him some air, as he seemed to be entirely out; but just then the unfortunate milker rose up and selected a few airs from a passing whirlwind, and then began to use language that was horrible and scandalous.

This fellow calls his cow "Star," but on this occasion I noticed that he had a great many other names for his cow. Owing to the respectability of the parties concerned, I will not mention these other names. I don't know why this man calls his cow "Star," unless it is because he thinks she is a representative of the milky way.—*Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.*

#### Exceptions to All Rules.

Speaking of coppers, says the *St. Paul Globe*, Captain Rouleau had them all lined up in front of him—the nine o'clock relief—one Sunday night and was putting them through their paces before he turned them loose on the public. The Kiefferian system of exchanging salutes has given most of the coppers the glass-arm already, but they have to keep it up in the station-house yet. Anyway, they lined up in front of the desk, and as the big captain stood up to read the instructions about where the burglars might be found and things like that, which captains are supposed to know all about, every man down the line sent his right hand up to his helmet and stood at attention. Before he returned the salute, the captain let his eye wander down the line. His glance rested on the fourth man from the end. The copper turned red, and wondered what was wrong with him.

"Officer Grogan," said the captain.

"Here, sir," said the copper, standing forth.

"Officer Grogan," and Rouleau organized with a gaze that made him squirm, "the regulations of this department require that an officer shall salute his superior by raising his hand to his helmet, the first finger touching the rim of the helmet, the other fingers extended and the thumb turned to the palm of the hand. You have only two fingers extended."

"Yes, sir," said Grogan; "only two."

"Extend the other fingers, Officer Grogan, and follow the rules of the department."

"I can't extind th' other two, captain," said Grogan. "I lost thim nine years ago by gettin' thim mixed up betune a can-hook an' a log."

#### How it Hailed in Grafton.

A first-class hail-storm stopped at Grafton for dinner the other day. It was a long, hungry hail-storm, and the way it chewed up glass, came in and played on the piano, knocked around the streets, and gave the surrounding wheat-fields the icy hand, showed that it hadn't any more knowledge of polite society than the king-bolt of a Spaniard's tongue. People who had never seen ice, or the price of ice fall, before, ducked into the cellar and pulled the cistern in after them. Some men got hit harder than others, and on different places. One man, who was hit on the head with a boulder of ice as big as the chicken that laid the egg, told me that it was the second time he had been killed in two years, but the other time he fell into a threshing-machine, which didn't hurt much. A calf, staked out in some tall wire-grass in the south part of town, entered into the affair with considerable interest. It was a thin, sickly calf, and for a few minutes the hail didn't do much damage; but, unfortunately, it turned sideways to the west, and in seven seconds there wasn't any veal left to

speak of, and its hide will make a very leaky pair of boots.

There was nothing in this storm that resembled the gentle patter of rain on the picnic pie; it acted more like pig-iron coming down to the earth on the run. It harvested, stacked and threshed many a field of wheat, paid the twine bill, and didn't kick on the meals or smoke in the hay-mow. It killed pigs, picked chickens, knocked farm machinery around the yard, and made every tooth in the hay-rake ache. After the storm, the small boy took his bare feet out amongst the rocks and rills to gather a hatful of goose-eggs, which he put under the stove to dry, and kicked because the cat ate them.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

#### She Sipped It Slowly.

The drug-store was not more than one mile from Selby and Western avenues, says the *St. Paul Globe*. Jack stood with folded arms leaning against the soda-water fountain, and looking abstractedly in the direction of the Klondike. The door opened and she came in—a charming creature with red cheeks, a pair of bright eyes, and a black boa about her handsome throat.

"Some soda and castor-oil," said she, opening her purse and fishing for a coin.

Alaska and its shiploads of golden nuggets were still uppermost in his mind as he turned mechanically and, reaching for a bottle on an upper shelf, allowed a liberal quantity of its contents to treacle into the glass. Turning the cork of the soda-water fountain he put a beautiful bead upon the mixture and handed it to her with one of his best smiles.

She sipped it slowly, very slowly, as it subsequently occurred to the clerk. His thoughts meanwhile wandered to the Northwest, and he was again gazing abstractedly out of the window in the manner affected by druggists' clerks waiting to make change.

"Now will you give me the castor-oil, please?" restored him to consciousness, and he leaned hurriedly up against the counter as if his legs had suddenly lost strength, and—stared. But only for an instant.

"Ah, yes; excuse me, please. You've just had—I—er—that is to say, certainly."

He reached for the bottle again—furtively this time—and filled a vial. She gathered up her change and smiled herself into the other world.

"What's the matter, Mr. Hays, that you should want a two-days' vacation so suddenly?" inquired the doctor, two hours later.

"Oh, nothing much. I'll be back Saturday. Meanwhile, if you see a charming creature with red cheeks, bright eyes and a black boa come in, accompanied by a man who might be her big brother or her father or any old thing in the family line, and they make any inquiries about your favorite clerk, won't you please say that I've gone to the Klondike for good?"

#### Owl on Toast.

Last week we gave an account of a country urchin bringing in a nest of ten owls. In attempting to sell them he was sent into the Chinese restaurant, and the heathen who was raised to think that birds'-nests and wharf-rats are delectable dishes declined to buy them. The boy had been posted to tell Lucy that they were quails. Colonel Taggard, sitting at his dinner, overheard the conversation in the kitchen and told the pigtail to buy a couple of the quails and serve them for his breakfast. The colonel is a famous gormand; some of his gastronomic feats equal those of Grover Cleveland.

The next morning, as our friend with the corporosity left the restaurant he was met at



the front door and greeted by his friends with the interrogatory:

"Hello, Colonel! How did you enjoy your breakfast?"

He answered, with a stroke of his hand over his corporosity:

"Fine fine! I had quail on toast; the first was very nice, but the second was just a little tough!"

The boy had sold Lucy an old owl, and now the boys say the name of the restaurant is to be changed from Richelieu and renamed "The Owl."—*Freeman's National Farmer, Yakima, Wash.*

#### The Indian Never Smiled.

The individual red man adds to his learning as his race passes into decay. At Ellensburg, Wash., recently, according to the Walla Walla (Wash.) *Statesman*, an Indian named Antwine was granted a divorce from his klootchman. After the decree had been signed, the lawyer explained to Antwine that the law forbade remarriage within six months. Thinking that the ends of justice would be better served, the lawyer made the explanation in Chinook.

After he had twisted his jaw into all sorts of shapes with such jargon as "okoke," "kopa okoke," "mamdok law," "mika ticky," "tag-hum moon," and others no better, the Indian said, in perfect English:

"Thank you, Mr. Attorney; I understand the conditions exactly, as I read the law on divorces very carefully before I began this suit."

This particular Ellensburg lawyer has burned his text-book on Chinook, and is thinking, as a further penance, of hiring a dozen strong bucks from the North Yakima Reservation to kick him all over the Big Bend Empire.

#### Esthetic Beauty and Simplicity.

The Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer* has a good word for such Indian-named cities as Omaha, Tacoma, Spokane, etc., but thinks it possible to carry the Indian business too far, citing as an example the recent local war over a new name for what was formerly a small and unpretentious station on the Fort Wayne Road in Indiana, known as Gravel Pit.

It is a very pretty place, the *Post-Intelligencer* says, and the poetic disposition of Indiana prompted the notion to revive its original Indian name and call it Mechenemockenungoqua.

There is a beauty and simplicity about this musical composition in the language of the Dakotas which instantly recommended it to the esthetic. It might have met with great public favor had it not been for the "kick" of the railroad conductors, who threatened to strike if they were required to make such an announcement to passengers on the road. It was the only strike in which the railroad men ever had the sympathy of the directors, and they were supported by the freight clerks and the telegraph operators, who, although submitting, were being fast driven crazy.

Mechenemockenungoqua was a sweet poem, but it did not sound so well when each syllable was separated by an oath. But even a powerful and practical corporation was helpless in the presence of a strong and determined public and poetic sentiment. The railroad made up its mind that at all hazards Mechenemockenungoqua must not be permitted to upset the entire railroad schedule by running amuck of all other stations in the time-table, yet it was realized that Gravel Pit would never be accepted by the poetic ambition of Indiana.

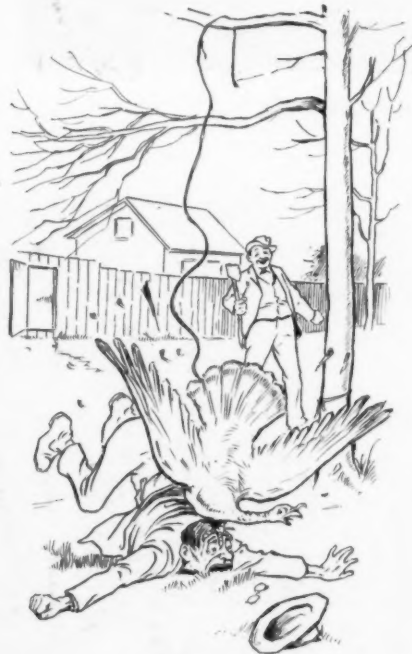
A happy solution of the difficulty was suggested, and Winona, a good old Indian name signifying "first-born," has been adopted. The name was not unknown, of course, but it had not been applied to that particular spot. Some-

body tried to call it Eagle Lake, but this found no more favor than Gravel Pit in the eyes of those to whom Mechenemockenungoqua was sacred; but Winona it now is. Not only does it gratify the desire for an Indian name, but the word is associated with the fate of a lovely young creature who leaped from a rock and perished because of an unhappy love affair with a noble young Indian to whom her father objected. Nothing could be more romantic, and so the poets in Indiana are placated and the railroad conductors are happy.

#### A Fool Turkey.

In this country of plenty no one should go without a nice, ripe, juicy turkey for Thanksgiving. We have always made it our aim in life to have a turkey where we could lay our hands on it about Thanksgiving time, and last year was no exception.

Only we went about it differently last year. Some one told us that the true way to have a turkey was to get him early, fatten him yourself, and then kill and pluck him when the time came. They argued that by doing this one was sure that he had all the grasshoppers,



A FOOL TURKEY.

"In the dim, uncertain light of the morning we muffed the bird."

potato-bugs and other insects out of the turkey's system. We followed this advice.

We have known for a long time that the turkey is the biggest fool bird that flies, and that he is the hardest of our domesticated fowls to feed from the hand; but this particular bird developed more idiosyncrasies and idiocy than we recked of.

We got the bird early. We figured that by keeping him penned up a week or so and by feeding him corn-meal, he would swell up like a town cow after a night out in a glass conservatory.

We tied him securely to one end of the clothes-line, which gave him about forty feet to graze on. We figured that it would be better to lead him gently into captivity. To pen him up all at once, after he had had a whole quarter-section to roam on, might make him pensive and morose. The next morning our legal adviser and solicitor, who lives neighbor to us and is somewhat of an amateur humorist, woke us up and told us we were in luck. He

said that old Elijah wasn't in it with us. He had crows sent him, while out in the top of our tallest tree a turkey was roosting, like a monkey, by his feet. It was early morning, but it took us only a minute to see that our turkey had flown to roost in the tree the night before, and that he had fallen and was hanging head down. Fortunately, a rush of blood to the head had apparently not affected him, so we hastily got the neighborhood ax and told our friend to sever the rope while we played first base and caught the bird as he descended. He did so, but in the dim, uncertain light of the morning we muffed the bird. Our friend says the bird struck us plumb on the head, but we differ with him. We still maintain that one of our political enemies slipped up behind us and swiped us with a cedar fence-post, and then clawed our face with a barbed-wire fence while we were down.

We finally got the turkey into the barn, and tied him to a shorter rope; but, somehow, he seemed to realize that we were not raising him strictly for a pet. He spurned our proffer of food, and moped around on one leg, like a cat that had been under a lumber-pile when it collapsed.

Our neighbor, who had taken great interest in our experiment and had told us that we would have to feed the turkey cod-liver oil if we expected to see him survive until Thanksgiving, would come around occasionally and tell us about a seventeen-pound turkey he had ordered. "But it will not be like this noble bird," said he. "Any turkey that can go without water or anything to drink, like yours, would be valuable in the Klondike region."

We had forgotten to water the turkey, but we put on a bold front and informed him that the turkey was not like people we knew of; he didn't drink every time he was asked up; he drank only at meal-times, and then we gave him champagne to give him a rich flavor.

As soon as our friend was gone, we filled a large tub of water within easy reach of the bird. Next morning we came to the conclusion that the turkey had made the mistake of his life. Evidently he had concluded that he was a duck and had struck a swimming hole, for we found him with nothing but his head above water. He was not quite buoyant enough to float, but for fear he would be we took an ax and cut off his head, slightly above the shoulder-blades, which, by the way, were considerably sharper than the ax-blade.

We figured that it would be easier to pick him after he had soaked all night. Then we hung him up and left him, satisfied that our troubles were over.

The night before Thanksgiving our neighbor came over and told us that if we wished to save the bird until morning we had better order some chloride of lime. He said that it was lucky that we killed the bird when we did, or under our course of glutting he would have died of fatty degeneration of the gizzard. "But," he added, "he would have had more the flavor of the crushed rose if you had cleaned him before you hung him up."

We sharply replied that we had cleaned him and that there wasn't a feather big enough to detect with the naked eye upon his person.

"Oh," he said, "that bird's neither eel nor jelly-fish. It's got an internal organism—which ought to have been removed several days ago, before the warm weather set in."

We said nothing; but the Thanksgiving bird we ate came from the butcher-shop and had no unsavory past to rise up and confront us. And that is the reason that for six days afterward we had turkey at every meal and in every shape conceivable.

A. K. YERKES.



SUPERIOR STREET, DULUTH.



DULUTH'S MAGNIFICENT HIGH SCHOOL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF DULUTH, MINN., AND ITS HARBOR, FROM THE EAST.

The view is a photographic one and shows the business center, the head of Lake Superior, and a part of the Bay of Superior. A large part of the city, lying to the east and the west of the picture, and ore-docks further west on the Bay of St. Louis.

## DULUTH IN 1898.

By E. V. Smalley.

I believe I have written an article on Duluth nearly every year for the last fifteen years, and I want to confess now that in the earlier articles, written back in the '80's, I did not myself take very much stock in the predictions then

made that a very important commercial city was about to grow up at the head of Lake Superior. There was nothing but a ragged-looking little town there at that time, stretched out like a shoe-string along the shores of the

lake and the two bays which form the harbor; and while its wheat-shipping business was already beginning to be of some consequence, this did not seem to me sufficient to warrant the extravagant predictions I heard on every hand of future growth. I put these predictions into print, however, without qualifying them with my personal skepticism.

In recent years I have been gradually changing my mind and working around to the Duluth point of view; and this change has been occasioned by my yearly observations of the enormous increase in the movement of the great staples of Duluth's commerce. The figures of the arrivals and departures of lake vessels at this point, and of the tonnage of grain, iron





DULUTH HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



A VIEW OF MICHIGAN STREET, DULUTH.



DULUTH HARBOR, FROM THE STEEP HILLS NORTH OF THE CITY.

The western part of the picture, is not embraced in the range of the camera. The elevator district on Rice's Point, where millions of bushels of cereals are handled annually, and the lumber-yards on the Bay of St. Louis, are not shown at all.

ore, lumber, and coal which they carry, have reached astonishing proportions. Let me say in advance that the figures that I shall quote in this article are taken from the careful reports of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce, and are official and truthful. It should be further stated that they embrace the cities of both Superior and Duluth, for the reason that it is impossible to separate these, because there is but a single port of entry, and to attempt to do so would be misleading. The two towns facing each other across the bays of Superior and St. Louis stand in different States, but they necessarily form one commercial center. The financial and larger business interests are mainly located in Duluth, but the making of flour, the

storage of grain, and the handling of coal are carried on upon both sides of the bay, and it is impossible to divide the ownership of the facilities for transacting this commerce by the boundary line between Minnesota and Wisconsin. There ought, in fact, to be a union of Duluth and Superior into a single municipality, and all that stands in the way is the difficulty of the acquirement by Minnesota from Wisconsin of the territory upon which Superior stands. All of the interests of Superior are identified with the State of Minnesota. The ore that it ships comes from the Minnesota iron ranges; the wheat that it sends eastward by the lake, or manufactures into flour, is raised for the most part on the Minnesota prairies; the coal

that it receives from Pennsylvania and Ohio, and which it stores and sends forward for consumption, finds its market in the cities and towns of Minnesota. Superior, while an outlying political colony of Wisconsin, is in fact an integral part of the business life of Minnesota. If Minnesota had any territory which it was willing to give up to Wisconsin, a trade might be made that would be very much in the interest of Superior; but as matters now stand, the only way to bring Superior into Minnesota would be by downright purchase, and for this there is no precedent in the history of the United States.

I have spoken of the magnitude of the shipping movement of important natural products

as one good reason for expecting that Duluth will become a large city. The handling of these products alone—their storage and their transfer from rail to lake, would not of itself create business enough to support such a city; but it is the universal experience that manufacturing and general trade follow in the wake of large commercial movements. When jobbing houses were first opened in Duluth, the older jobbing centers of the Northwest laughed at the new enterprises and predicted their speedy failure. The argument was that a jobbing trade must draw its first support from the country immediately around the city wherein it is established, and that, as the country around Duluth is a sullen forest, uninviting to cultivation, it would be impossible for the new concerns to get a foothold. The fact was overlooked that the natural tendency in any region is to buy goods where the principal products of that region go to find a market; and that the enormous movement of wheat and iron ore to the head of Lake Superior would necessarily be followed in time by a considerable volume of trade. This has proven to be the case. The jobbing houses of Duluth are now securely established, and their business reaches farther west every year.

The number of vessels arriving at the Duluth-Superior harbor during the navigation sea-

a wheat-shipping port, it is only just beginning to develop the trade in the coarser grains which naturally belong to it, and this trade is destined to an enormous growth. A very large area of corn-producing territory in Southern Minnesota, Northern Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota is nearer by rail to the head of Lake Superior than it is to Chicago. Its grain shipments have been going to Chicago more from tradition than from any superior advantages offered by that city, and perhaps, also, because the elevator capacity at the head of Lake Superior was formerly only sufficient for the hand-

Next to wheat, iron ore furnishes the most important commercial movement at the head of Lake Superior. The ore all comes from St. Louis County, of which Duluth is the capital, and is mined within seventy miles of Duluth on the Vermillion and Mesaba ranges. It is said that there is now more high-grade Bessemer and non-Bessemer ores in sight upon these ranges than the entire visible supply of all foreign nations combined. The output of iron ore of this Lake Superior District during the year 1897 was 12,469,446 tons—greater than the last reported yearly production of either Great Britain or Germany. The ore is brought to Lake Superior by three different railroads, and is transhipped from the largest ore-docks in the world to vessels which take it to Lake Erie ports and to Chicago for smelting. It has long been seen that if this ore could be smelted at the head of Lake Superior a business would be created that would produce a great deal of wealth and support a large population. But there is absolutely no coal in the near Northwest, and as an economical proposition it seems to be better to take the ore to the coal-fields of Ohio and Pennsylvania rather than bring the coal from those regions up to the head of Lake Superior and reduce the ore there. The real determining factor in the problem, however, is not the cost of coal transportation so much as the fact that the iron



RESIDENCE OF B. C. CHURCH, DULUTH.



GEORGE SPENCER'S FINE HOME, DULUTH.



THE DULUTH HOME OF H. M. PEYTON.



HOME OF DR. W. H. MAGIE, DULUTH.

son of 1897 was 4,864, and the number of vessels departing was 4,894. The registry of the vessels sailing out of this port was 6,502,747 tons. The business of the Soo Canal is mainly the business of Duluth and Superior. In 1897 17,171 vessels passed through that canal, of which sixty-five and one-half per cent were to or from the head of the lakes. In the same year the number of vessels passing through the Suez Canal was only 2,986. The registered tonnage of the Suez Canal was 7,899,374, and that of the Soo Canal was 17,619,933. The Soo Canal is now the most important waterway in the world, with the exception of the Detroit River.

The wheat shipments of Duluth for the year 1897 was not quite so large as in the preceding year, by reason of the smaller crop of wheat. They aggregated 48,069,418 bushels, and the flour shipments were 5,081,440 barrels, which, figured as wheat, amounts to 22,866,480 bushels. I called attention a year ago to the important increase in the shipment of the coarser grains from the head of Lake Superior, and I find that this increase, which was then very remarkable, has continued during the past year. While only 413,166 bushel of corn was shipped in 1896, the total for 1897 was 2,069,296 bushels; and the shipment of oats increased from 4,877,844 in 1896 to 6,869,032 bushels in 1897. The shipments of rye and barley were not quite so large last year as the year before. The conclusion drawn from these figures is that while Duluth has been making the most of its advantages as



W. S. MOORE'S HANDSOME MANSION, DULUTH.

ling of the wheat crop. Now that it is ample for all kinds of grain, the railroad interests centering there are vigorously reaching out for the corn, oats, rye, barley, and flaxseed in the territories they penetrate. Duluth's great advantage over Chicago for the handling of grain lies in the superiority of its harbor, and in the much shorter time required to get a vessel into port from the lake, put her cargo on board and send her out again. With the low rates of freight now prevailing, time is of the greatest importance in the vessel business, and a day or two saved may make all the difference between profit and loss on a voyage.

and steel, if made here, would have to be transported to the East to find its main market. In course of time it will, no doubt, be found economical to manufacture enough iron near the ore-fields to supply the population of the Northwest.

The United States census of 1880 gave the city of Duluth a population of 838; the census of 1890 found 32,115 people there, and the State census of 1895 gives a population of 59,396. There are supposed to be about 70,000 people in the place at the present time, and if we add the population of the Wisconsin side of the bays, we have a total of about 100,000 for the commercial city at the head of the lakes.

Besides grain and iron ore, a considerable volume of vessel movement is engaged in the transportation of lumber to the lower lakes. The lumber output of the Duluth District has been steadily increasing of late years until in 1897 it was 478,000,000 feet valued at nearly \$5,000,000. In the district there are now 19 first-class modern saw-mills, which run night and day from April to November. The vessels which carry the immense aggregate of natural products to the lower lakes ports are not obliged to come back empty; they carry as return cargoes the coal which keeps the entire Northwest warm in winter. In 1897 they brought to Duluth and Superior a total of 2,153,274 tons, of which 496,169 tons were anthracite, which is used chiefly for housewarming. The bituminous coal of Ohio and



Western Pennsylvania is the fuel commonly employed for the locomotives, stationary engines, and steam-heating plants. So low is the rate on coal, which ranges between seventeen and twenty-five cents per ton from Lake Erie ports to Duluth, that many of the grain and ore vessels do not find it profitable to spend the time necessary to load with coal for the return trip, after discharging their cargoes. This is the case with the whaleback boats, which of late have gone entirely out of the coal trade.

The United States Government is spending over three million of dollars in improvements upon the harbor of Duluth and Superior, and this large outlay gives employment to a considerable number of men and to many tugs and barges. The improvements consist in dredging a twenty-foot deep channel between Old Superior and Duluth, in widening the Duluth entrance and constructing new piers and walls

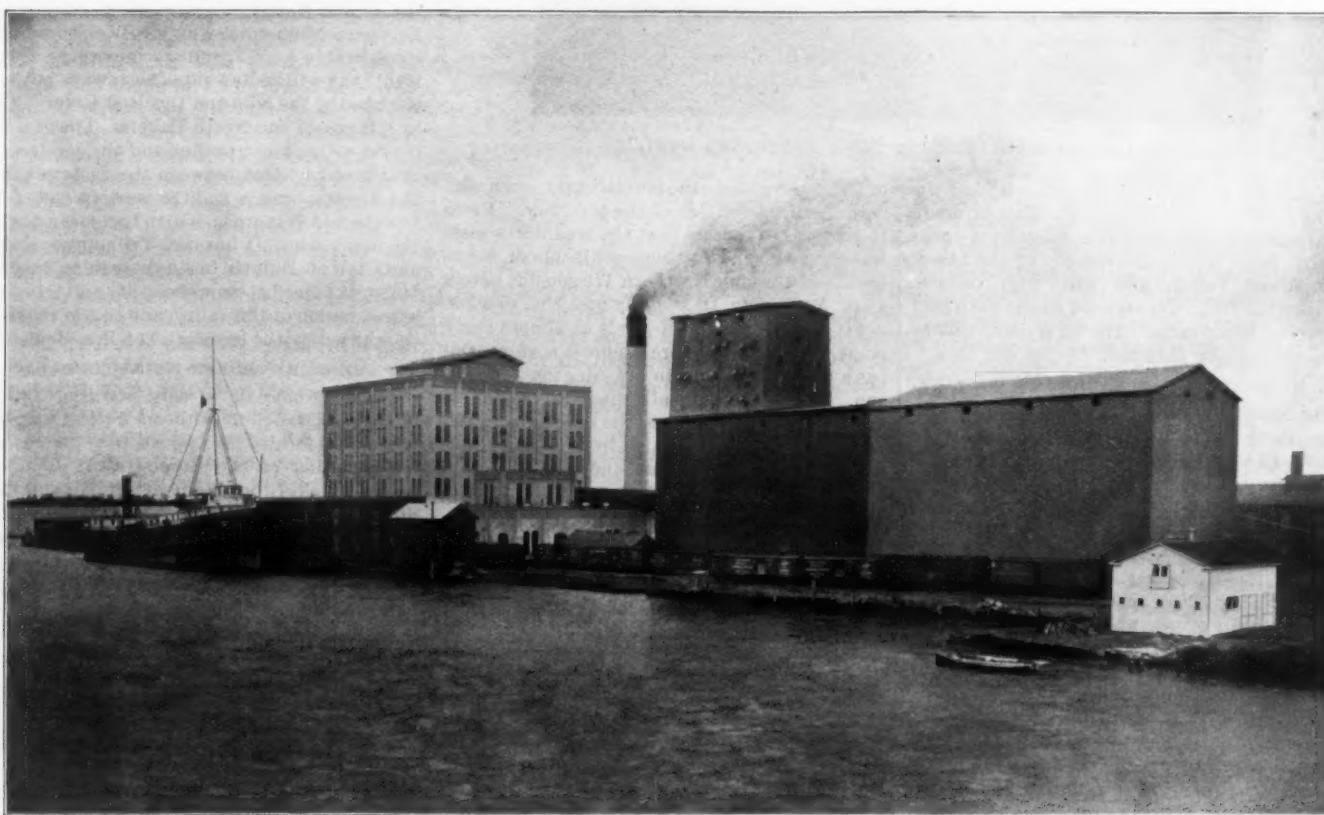
## DULUTH LOOK-ABOUTS.

### THE IMPERIAL MILL.

The oldest of the flour-mills at the head of the lake is the Imperial in Duluth, which started in 1889. There was a little mill in Duluth before the Imperial was built, but it was quite an unimportant concern, having a capacity of only 150 barrels per day, which was scarcely enough to supply the local demand for flour. The Imperial demonstrated fully that the head of Lake Superior had special advantages as a milling point, and in the following years there was a great development of the milling industry across the bay at West Superior and Old Superior. The Imperial, however, remains the only large mill in Duluth. The cheapness of building sites and of water frontage led to the establishment of the new mills in Superior.

of Lake Superior, the cheap water route to the East. As it costs no more to haul the wheat to Duluth than to Minneapolis, there is an evident saving of the rail haul on the flour from Minneapolis to the Lake Superior ports. This was understood by milling men generally for several years before there was any mill built at the head of Lake Superior, and when the development began it went on for a while with a great rush, until it had created, besides the Imperial Mill in Duluth, six large mills on the Superior side of the bay; so that Duluth-Superior now ranks as one of the great milling points of the country, its annual output of flour being almost as great as that of Minneapolis.

The Imperial mill is built upon piles driven into the bay, and stands close to one of the largest elevators in Duluth. Vessels lie immediately alongside the mill while loading its



MAAMOTH PLANT OF THE DULUTH IMPERIAL MILL COMPANY.

for it, and in a similar work at the Superior entrance. The Duluth piers are to be provided with seats and electric lights, and will form a very pleasant popular resort on warm summer evenings. The expenditure of so large a sum of money at once on a single harbor is said to be unprecedented in harbor appropriations, but it is fully warranted by the enormous commerce of Duluth-Superior, where the arrivals of vessels last year numbered over four thousand.

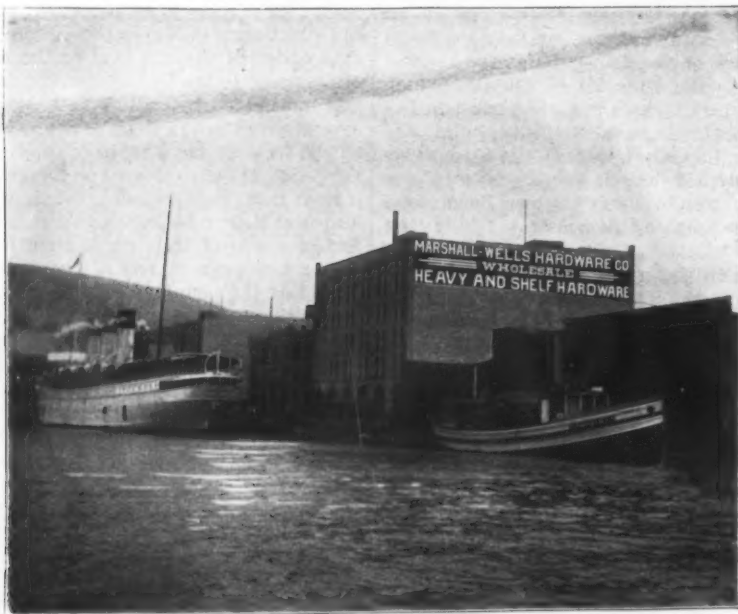
Looking now in a general way at the situation at the head of Lake Superior,—the exceptionally good harbor facilities, the enormous grain-storage capacity, the huge docks for the storage and shipment of coal, the great iron-ore docks on both sides of the bay, the numerous railroads centering there, the enormous lumber interests, the great flour-milling plant, and the solid beginnings that have been made in jobbing and in manufacturing,—it is impossible to resist the conclusion that here is the sure foundation for a really great and truly prosperous commercial city.

The Imperial is one of the largest mills in the country, it having a capacity of 8,000 barrels of flour per day. This is not a theoretical capacity merely, for the mill has made a record of grinding 8,000 barrels within twenty-four hours. The wheat used all comes from the hard-wheat belt of Minnesota and the Dakotas, and as there is no mixing of the inferior soft wheats, it is claimed for the product of the Imperial that it is of a higher grade than the flour of the mills of Minneapolis. This mill works up 4,500,000 bushels of wheat in a year, and produces about 1,000,000 barrels of flour. About thirty per cent of this flour goes to Europe, and most of the remainder is consumed in the Eastern cities and towns of the United States.

The advantage of milling at the head of Lake Superior lies in the fact that the distance to Duluth from most parts of the wheat belt in the Northwest is about the same as that to Minneapolis. After the wheat is ground into flour at the Minneapolis mills, it must be shipped 150 miles by rail to reach, at the head

of flour, and it can receive its wheat directly from the cars that haul it from the grain-fields. The officers of the company are named as follows: President and manager, Bradford C. Church; vice-president, Timothy A. Olmstead; treasurer, Henry W. Wheeler; secretary and assistant manager, Ward B. Sheardown. The special merit of the flour made by the Duluth Imperial Mill Company is its uniform high grade. This comes from the fact that the mill can make its selection from the best wheat that comes from the hard-wheat belt of Northern Minnesota and North Dakota, whereas mills located at the other great milling points are constantly tempted to mix with hard wheat a good deal of the soft wheat that comes to market at those points. The purchaser of Imperial flour knows that he is getting the very best material for bread that can be had anywhere in the world.

Millers regard the building of the Fosston branch of the Great Northern Railroad to a connection with the Duluth, Winnipeg & West-



IN DULUTH, MINN., "WHERE RAILS AND WATER MEET."

ern, and the purchase of the latter line by the Great Northern Company, as an affair of much importance to their interests, because it opens a short route to the grain-fields of the Lower Red River Valley, and will, they believe, cheapen the freight charges on wheat from that region to their mills. The new route will be open for business next fall.

#### THE MARSHALL-WELLS HARDWARE COMPANY.

The Marshall-Wells Hardware Company has been in operation in Duluth for nearly ten years. In this line of trade there was an evident advantage at the start in the demand for various kinds of hardware, which came from the country immediately around Duluth, for the supply of lumber-mills and camps and of the new iron-ore ranges. The house was prosperous from the first year of its existence, and it has steadily grown until it has become one of the largest concerns in the West, rivaling, in the value of the stock it carries and the amount of its annual sales, the old establishments of Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis. The officers of this company are all active in the management of the business, and give close personal attention to the details, a fact which has been a matter of pride with them from the start, and has had much to do with their success.

Albert M. Marshall, the president and general manager, has had twenty-five years of successful experience, having been the manager for Morley Bros. at Saginaw before coming to Duluth. The vice-president, A. H. Comstock, in charge of the finances, was for many years cashier of the Home National Bank of Saginaw. H. C. Marshall, treasurer and buyer, was formerly buyer in New York City for the Hardware Syndicate. F. W. Parsons, the secretary, in charge of the credits, formerly of Buffalo, has been with the institution from the date it commenced business.

Their theory in establishing themselves in Duluth was that the point to which a large part of the Northwest sends its grain as a primary market would in time inevitably secure the mercantile trade of that region. The development of the iron-ore belt came later, and served to strengthen the position of Duluth as a jobbing point. They have an interesting series of maps of the Northwestern States, which show every place, by a pin, where the house sells goods, and the colors of the heads

of the pins indicate the traveling salesmen who cover each subdivision of the territory. From these maps it appears that the firm works eastward through the northern peninsula of Michigan, and through Northern Wisconsin; covers all of Minnesota thoroughly and the two Dakotas equally well; sells goods at almost every point in Montana where there is a store, and has a very large trade in Washington and Oregon. Competition in all this vast region is very active, not only from the hardware houses of the Twin Cities but also from those of Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis and Omaha; and in the midst of the general struggle for trade a Duluth house must be very strong and enterprising, and very wide-awake, to keep possession of any important part of the business. The records of the Marshall-Wells Company are so thorough and systematic that they show just what firms are selling goods at every point

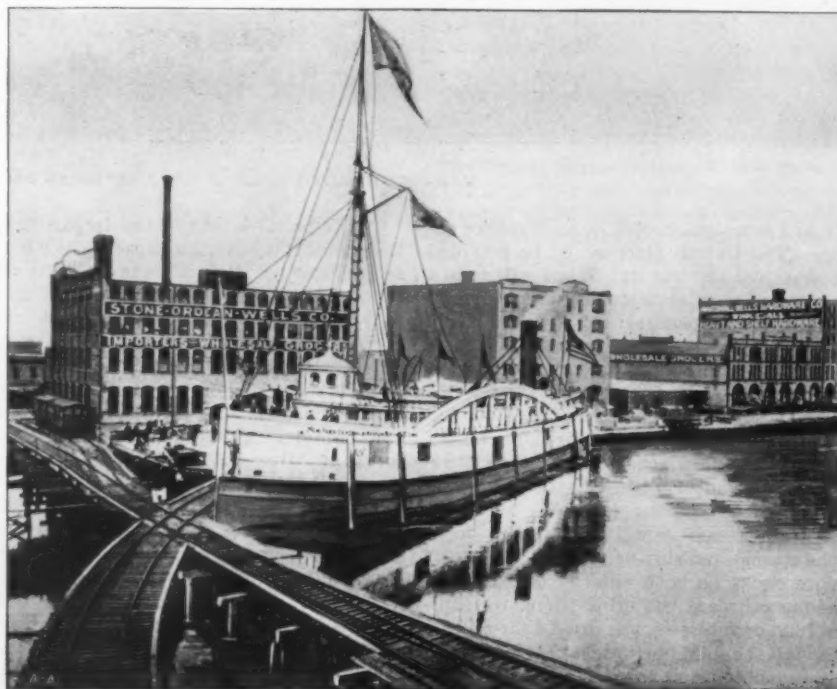
in the territory covered, and just what local stores deal in hardware. Wholesale trade resembles war, and a general manager of a big house, like the general manager of an army, is constantly seeking to acquire new territory, and to strengthen the territory already held against the attacks of his rivals. The large building of the Marshall-Wells Hardware Company stands on the water front and is reached by railroad tracks, so that the firm enjoys the full advantage growing out of the receipt and shipment of goods by both lake and rail without any cost of cartage.

We do not know who the man was who first picked out for the wholesale district of Duluth the site it now occupies, but he must have been something of a genius, for there is nowhere else in the entire Northwest a situation that confers such advantages for the shipping and handling of freight.

The Duluth jobbers in all lines expect to be greatly benefited by the early completion of the Great Northern's new short line across Northern Minnesota, which will not only open considerable good farming country to settlement, but will reduce rates both ways between the head of the lake and the Red River Valley in Minnesota and North Dakota. The new line is now under construction, and the gap is short that is to be closed between the eastern end of the Fosston branch and the western end of the Duluth and Winnipeg, which becomes a part of the new route. It has been for many years the ambition of Duluth business men to secure a direct rail line between their city and the great wheat region of the valley, and this is at last to be realized by the enterprise of President Hill.

#### THE STONE-ORDEAN-WELLS COMPANY.

The big wholesale grocery house of Duluth is that of the Stone-Ordean-Wells Company, which was formed on August first, 1896, by the consolidation of the Stone-Ordean Company and the Wells-Stone Mercantile Company. The Stone-Ordean Company was founded by William R. Stone in 1880. In 1882, after Mr. Ordean joined the concern, the firm name was changed to Stone & Ordean, and this was again changed in 1891, when Mr. Patrick became connected with it, to the Stone-Ordean Company. The



SHOWING THE SPLENDID LOCATION OF THE WHOLESALE GROCERY HOUSE OF THE STONE-ORDEAN-WELLS COMPANY.



Wells-Stone Mercantile Company was established in Duluth, in 1895, as a branch of an old house in Saginaw, Michigan. With the growth of Duluth, the branch soon became more important than the parent house. The Stone-Ordean-Wells Company is now one of the largest grocery-jobbing houses in Minnesota, and it is not much excelled, if at all, in volume of annual sales, by any of the great houses in the same line in St. Paul or Minneapolis. It has very notable advantages for the economical handling of goods. There are railroad tracks on two sides of its large building, and the freight-cars are brought right up to the doors, so that the floor of the car is on the same level as the main floor of the building. There is a passageway for teams leading into the building, and wagons and drays are loaded without lifting the goods. One side of the building faces upon a harbor-slip, where vessels of all sizes can land. The goods that come to the house from Eastern points have the advantage of low water-rates, and the transportation contracts oblige a vessel to put the goods into the cellar of the firm, so that there is no expense to the firm for handling. The car-tracks occupy a public street, and the right to lay them there was given to the railroad companies on condition that there should be no switching charges; so that the grocery house is practically a railway freight depot for its own merchandise. In these days of close economies the saving effected in the cost of receiving and shipping goods is an important item.

The building of the Stone-Ordean-Wells Company was constructed with special reference to the business of the firm, and there is probably no grocery house in the Northwest that can equal this for various ingenious contrivances which facilitate the handling of goods. The business of the firm reaches out over the whole west as far as the Pacific Coast, and its books show a steady increase in the volume of its trade and the area of territory covered by its traveling salesmen from year to year.

#### BANKING IN DULUTH.

During the boom times, when speculation ran riot in Duluth, there were fourteen banks in the city; of these only two survive, and they are, of course, the two strongest and best ones—the American Exchange, and the First National. At present there are five banks, including one private bank, and the total banking capital is \$1,000,000. The total surplus is \$400,000, and the deposits aggregate \$4,500,000. It is a singular fact that there is no savings bank in the city. The opening for such an institution is excellent, and the community



H. E. SMITH'S PRIVATE OFFICE, IN THE PALLADIO BUILDING, DULUTH.

would look with great favor upon one if it were established upon a perfectly sound basis and managed by first-class men. The Duluth bankers say that they believe they pay less interest on deposits than is paid in any city in the State. Their rate on certificates is only two per cent. Asking for an explanation of why the enormous commercial business of Duluth does not require a larger banking capital to carry it on, one of the best and most conservative of the local bankers replied that wheat is proverbially as good as gold everywhere, and therefore does not require much money for moving it to market; and that the iron ore, of which such enormous quantities are shipped down the lake, is mostly in the hands of very wealthy capitalists in Cleveland and other Eastern cities, who have all the money they need to carry on the business.

#### H. E. SMITH & COMPANY, BANKERS.

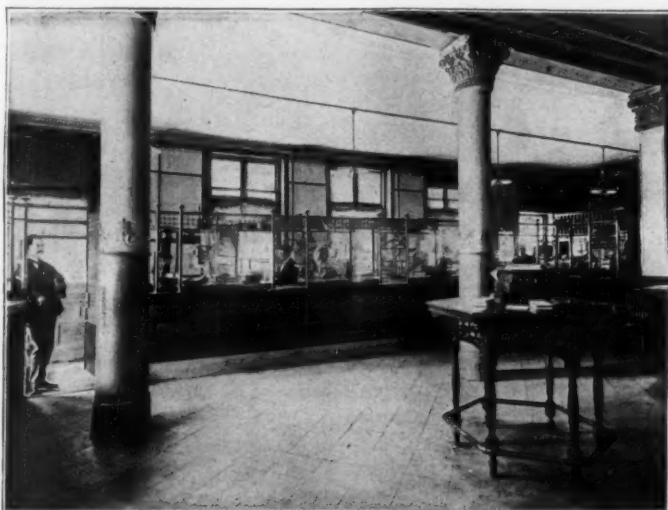
Hanson E. Smith, of H. E. Smith & Company, bankers, was born December 6, 1867, in the Duchy of Schleswig, formerly Danish territory, but since 1864 a part of the German Federation. In 1870 his parents came to the United States and settled in Michigan, from which State he removed to Duluth in the spring of 1892.

James P. Smith, who is in charge of the West Duluth business, is a brother of Hanson E. Smith and was born at Manistee, Michigan,

but at an early age removed with his parents to California, where he was raised. He came to Duluth in the fall of 1894, and has from the beginning been identified with the business interests of his brother.

The business of H. E. Smith & Company was established October 10, 1895. They are the principal owners of the West Duluth Bank of West Duluth, of which Hanson E. Smith is president, James P. Smith cashier, Chas. J. Laueran assistant cashier; and also of the Merchants' Bank of Duluth, of which Hanson E. Smith is president, and A. E. MacEwen cashier. They are also dealers in stocks, bonds and miscellaneous securities, of which department Mr. William Kaiser is manager; and they conduct real estate, rental and insurance departments in connection with their other business, but under separate managements. Their Duluth offices are located in the Palladio Building, which is an eight-story office structure, completed in 1890 at a cost of about \$300,000. It is located in the business center of Duluth, and is owned by Hanson E. Smith. Mr. Smith is also president of the West Duluth Business Men's Association, and vice-president of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce. He believes in the future of Duluth, and to that fact attributes a great deal of his business success.

The cut at the head of this page shows a corner of President Smith's private office.



INTERIOR VIEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK, DULUTH.



INTERIOR OF AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANK, DULUTH.

## A NOTABLE DULUTH ENTERPRISE.

The names of "M. S. Burrows" and "The Great Eastern" are inseparably associated and both are leading representatives of Duluth—the one as a business man, and the other as a business institution. Ever since coming to Duluth in 1883, Mr. Burrows has been prominent in all that stands for the city's best interests. He is, in short, a type of the successful, public-spirited business man so valuable to a community of alert and progressive city builders. Duluth boasted 7,000 people when Mr. Burrows established himself in business on Superior Street, 100 feet east of his present permanent location at the corner of Third Avenue. He began business in a small way, and after a couple of years went away to investigate new fields, with the result that he found no other place that offered prospects that were the equal of those of Duluth. Mr. Burrows, filled with greater confidence than ever in the future of the Zenith City, rented a double store and offered a special partnership in the business to Adolph Nathan of Chicago, one of the largest manufacturers of clothing in the world. About that time Mr. Burrows, who, as time has proved, had accurately forecasted the future, proposed to purchase the lot at the corner of Third Avenue West and Superior Street, which could be had for \$10,000. At that time this looked like a good deal of money, and Mr. Nathan, the special partner, was doubtful of the wisdom of the proposed purchase. In 1889, however, Mr. Burrows bought this identical property and paid for it—not \$10,000, but \$65,000;



"THE GREAT EASTERN" CLOTHING HOUSE, DULUTH.

and the firm has never regretted the course pursued in the matter of procuring this site and constructing, at a cost of \$125,000, a building expressly adapted to the growing business of the Greater Great Eastern. The building itself was erected by M. S. Burrows in 1890, and is a fine, modern edifice, five stories high and fifty by 140 feet in size. It is of handsome architectural design, and is constructed of St. Louis red pressed-brick and native sandstone. The building is one of the most substantial and attractive structures in the business center of Duluth. Half an acre of its floor space, two floors and the basement, is utilized by the Great Eastern, the fashionable men's outfitting establishment of the city. Here is to be found the largest stock of clothing for men and boys that is carried by any retailer in the Northwest, and every garment in the vast assortment is marked in plain figures with its price. It is this fair policy that has built this enterprise and which has reared the fortune that is behind it. It is a simple enough policy, but very rare. This policy is expressed in the familiar phrase—"Honest goods by honest labor," and sold for what they are worth.

It was the intention of Mr. Burrows, at the outset, to use the three upper floors of his building for a jobbing department in gentlemen's furnishings and also for the manufacture of workingmen's goods and lumbermen's and miners' supplies. The hard times now came on and deterred the carrying out of this plan for a time; but now it is proposed to reorganize the business of the firm, and among other things the factory and jobbing department referred to will be estab-



M. S. BURROWS, PROPRIETOR OF THE GREAT EASTERN CLOTHING HOUSE.

lished. At present the three upper floors are occupied as offices.

The Great Eastern embodies a number of distinct departments wherein are displayed all the newest fashionable details of correct dress for men. Under the head of hats they are leaders, the house controlling the Knox and Stetson products in Duluth. Last, but not least, the Burrows' hat, the equal in all respects to the best \$5 hat sold, but sold at the popular price of \$3.50, is put on the market by the Great Eastern as an advertisement. Under the head of hosiery and underwear the Great Eastern handles the best productions in this line in the world. There can be found in this department as fine furnishings as can be found in any exclusive furnishing store in the most metropolitan city. There are Welsh Margetson's neckwear and furnishings, products of Fiske, Clark and Flagg, Dent's and Fownes gloves, and Allen Solley's underwear; Peter Wright's and the American Hosiery Company's well-known standard goods. The famous Hanan shoes are among the specialties. The best makes of neckwear and shirts, and in large assortment, are found in the furnishing department. Trunks and travelers' supplies are carried in large assortment.



MAIN FLOOR OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



UPPER FLOOR OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



Everything requisite and modish that a man or boy can wear, with clothing of warranted worth as a leading feature, can be had at the Great Eastern; particularly in their boys' and children's department, which is one of the largest in the West, in which youths' and children's wear is found in special stocks and carried expressly for their outfitting. The Great Eastern, from top to bottom, is an exemplification of the modern metropolitan emporium. It is well managed, thoroughly organized, and complete in every particular.

At the head of the Great Eastern, now recognized as one of the principal supply houses of its kind in the State, is M. S. Burrows. He exercises a constant and vigilant supervision over the great enterprise his energy has created, and has by his keen judgment surrounded himself with able lieutenants in all departments, from the confidential man in the office and heads of departments down to the elevator boy and porter. Mr. Burrows gives a liberal share of the credit for the upbuilding and sustaining of his business to his faithful and loyal employees.

One of the features of the Great Eastern is the mail-order department, by which people living at a distance can trade as safely, and with as perfect satisfaction, as if standing at the counter. Special effort is made to please mail-order customers. As there is but one price for all, and all goods are marked in plain, bold figures, the smallest child or the poorest judge has equal advantage with the expert buyer. The Great Eastern caters to no particular class, but welcomes and provides for all. The firm issues an illustrated catalogue, which you can have for the asking. It explains fully all the great advantages possible for patrons of this great emporium and outfitting establishment for men and boys.

The illustrations in this catalogue are an interesting study of the new styles in vogue in the trade, and the prices named show how remarkably cheap goods have come to be of late. Mr. Burrows gives a signed guaranty, with each garment sold, "that it is free from imperfections in material and workmanship, is sewed throughout with pure, dyed silk, tailored by skilled workmen, and made of dependable cloth," and he further agrees to take back any garment and refund the money if it proves unsatisfactory. People who pay high prices to tailors for their clothes do not realize that under the careful system that prevails at a first-class clothing house, such as the Great Eastern, they can buy more stylish-looking garments, that fit just as well as those made to order, and contain just as good material, while the price is only about one-half as high. In fact, during these hard times, if a man wants to dress in style, he is obliged to patronize the ready-made clothing house, unless he possesses a large income. Hard times and good workmanship have had the effect of removing the prejudice against ready-made clothing from a great many minds.

Some statistics from the last page of Mr. Burrows' pamphlet show a remarkable growth of his business. In 1886 the store contained 1,250 square feet of selling space; in 1887, 2,500 square feet; in 1889, 2,700 square feet; in 1891, 10,500; in 1895, 15,750; in 1897, 21,000 square feet. To develop business in this way requires special talent and a large amount of energy and enterprise, and these qualities are undoubtedly possessed by the proprietor of the Great Eastern.

M. S. Burrows, it may be said in closing, has identified himself in no small degree with the progressive element of the city of Duluth. He is treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce, and belongs to every important social and fraternal

organization in the city. He has long been active in philanthropic work, and in the betterment of the industrial and commercial affairs of the city.

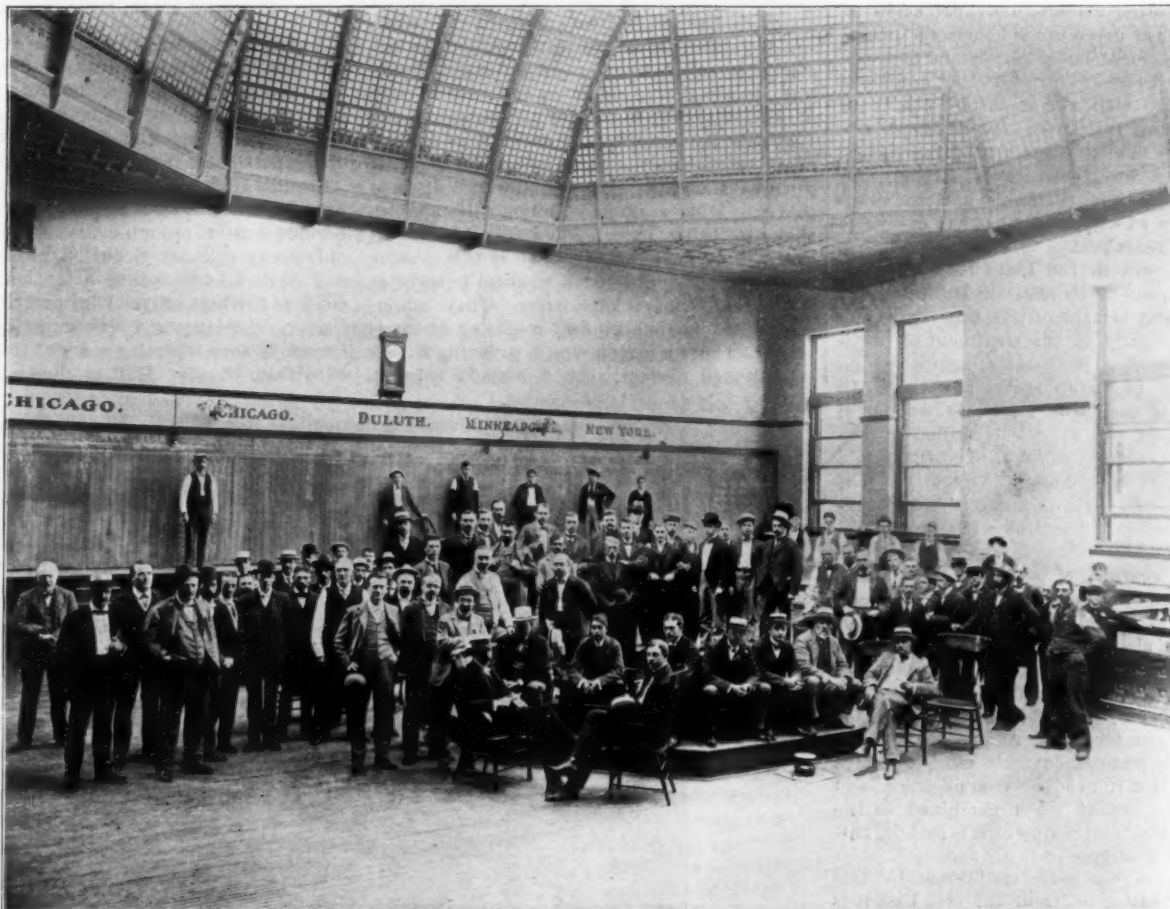
#### DULUTH'S CENTRAL POINT OF ATTRACTION.

Among Duluth's well-known and justly famous resorts is The Spalding Hotel. From its elegant dining-room on the upper floor one can look out over the bay and the lake for miles, the nearer view of the city affording additional pleasure. Under the management of Mr. Frank L. Taylor, The Spalding has become one of the most popular houses in the Northwest. Its rooms are large, well-furnished and well-kept, its parlors are cozy and inviting, its cuisine is unsurpassed anywhere, and in its general conduct the aim is to make the guest within its walls perfectly "at home."

Every city seems to have a favorite headquarters, where people love to congregate for the purpose of exchanging views and whiling away a luxurious hour. In the Zenith City The Spalding is thus honored. Lawyers, merchants, bankers, and politicians all meet at The Spalding to discuss more or less momentous problems. It follows, as a matter of course, that this fine hotel attracts the best of the traveling public, and that its rates are satisfactory. It is centrally located, and the street-car lines render it accessible to all parts of the city.

#### AN EXCELLENT HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A school which merits the favorable consideration of parents is The Maynard School at Duluth, Minn. In point of fact it is a home, rather than an institution. It is affiliated with the University of Chicago, and its graduates are also admitted to Wellesley, Smith, and



A LOOK AT THE WORKING MEMBERS OF THE DULUTH BOARD OF TRADE.

other colleges on certificate. Pupils can, however, remain at The Maynard and pursue the studies of the freshman and sophomore years of the college selected.

The building occupied is large, very attractive, heated by hot water, well ventilated, and its windows command a splendid view of Lake Superior and its steam and sailing craft. The aim of the school is to fit girls for a useful life. In doing this, special attention is paid to the physical well-being of students, the daily training in this respect being systematic and very beneficial. No cast-iron course of study is prescribed, but studies are planned with a view to the pupils previous training, her natural endowment, and the completion of a rounded course. The courses offered consist of the "College Preparatory" and the "Academic." French and German are taught by native instructors. Lessons in music are given by competent teachers, and the value of art is likewise recognized.

There are several departments: The College Preparatory and Academic, the Immediate, the Primary, and the Kindergarten. The first Academic term begins on September 14, 1898, the second on January 3, 1899, the third on April 3, 1899. All correspondence should be addressed to the Maynard School, Laura A. Jones, principal, Duluth, Minn.

#### SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL PROBLEMS.

Improvement is so common to this age of the world that the people are no longer skeptical when the announcement is made that some new discovery will cure certain human diseases and restore suffering mortals to well-being and the enjoyment of life. No one has yet arisen who can put the breath of life into a dead person, but here and there in the world are physicians and surgeons who are so skillful and so learned that they treat successfully very many cases which other doctors, less capable and experienced, have given up as hopelessly incurable. Among these noted physicians and specialists are those who treat the numerous patients that visit the rooms of the State Electro-Medical Institute at 301 Hennepin Avenue, corner Third Street, in Minneapolis. This well-known Institute is strongly entrenched in Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, also, in which cities it has had extensive practice for years past.

A recent visit to the Institute was full of interest. It was easily seen why this combined electro-medical treatment was proving so efficacious—especially in the treatment of obstinate and complicated diseases, against which the ordinary physician seems powerless. In the hands of men who know its wonderful properties and who are wisely skilled in controlling and applying them, electricity is a remedial agent of undoubted virtue; but it is now understood that its greatest benefits result when used in connection with proper medicinal treatment. Many ignorant and wholly unskilled "electricians," so called, who depend entirely upon "shocking" the human system, do a great deal more harm than good, and not infrequently place their credulous patients in deadly peril of their lives. Having no scientific knowledge of the electric fluid and the uses it can be put to, they convert it into an agency for evil rather than for good. As a matter of fact, electricity is one of nature's most effective remedies. But it needs wise application, and it is doubly potent when combined in the electro-medical treatment which is making this Minneapolis Institute so justly famous.

One has all the more confidence in this method of treatment, from the fact that it is not in the least experimental. It is a well-tried system of cure—in successful use for

many years by the physicians of the Institute in other large cities. The Institute has every modern facility now employed by the most expert specialists. The drugs used are absolutely pure, the instruments are the finest known to the medical and surgical profession, and the electrical apparatus is simply wonderful. These are not unknown physicians at the State Electro-Medical Institute; they are eminent specialists, who have devoted much time to the study and treatment of diseases, and who are in close touch with the most advanced methods of treatment in this and other countries.

There are reasons for thinking that every form of disease can be controlled and vanquished under the combined electro-medical treatment. Nervous troubles succumb to it easily. Patients have been known to come to these physicians with the last shred of hope almost gone from their breasts, yet they were cured. Cures are wrought by mail, too, although it is, of course, better for the patient to visit the Institute and receive treatment there if it be possible. Treatment is not given blindly. If one visits the Institute, the physicians make a thorough diagnosis of one's case and apply remedies accordingly. If the treatment be by mail, the physicians request as detailed a description of one's ailment as one can give, with all the particulars. They do not wish to give temporary relief only, they wish to effect permanent cures—so cleansing one's system of all traces of disease that a recurrence of it is altogether improbable.

Nervous, chronic and special diseases, no matter how complicated they may be and no matter how unsuccessful all previous treatment may have been, are made to yield surely and steadily under this new method. Diseases of the nerves, with which so many women, especially, are cursed, capitulate unconditionally when treated by the skillful physicians of the State Electro-Medical Institute. The average physician in his private practice has but comparatively few such cases and is not, therefore, in position to make an exhaustive study of such diseases; but these physicians of the Institute are specialists as well as doctors, and their broad experience, gained while treating so large a number of patients, whose diseases cover so wide a range of human ills, enables them to bring expert knowledge to bear in every individual instance. It is this greater knowledge which has enabled them to make so many really marvelous cures. They understand that no one kind of medicine or treatment can cure a person who is suffering with a complicated disease; such a malady requires

special handling, such as is found in this improved system of combined electrical and medical treatment.

Chronic complaints are stubborn maladies to deal with. By the old methods of practice a patient's misery is prolonged for years, and in the majority of cases it ends only with the grave; but under this electro-medical mode of treatment a radical cure is effected and the whole system is built up and re-invigorated. There are abundant records in proof of this. Thousands of persons afflicted with these lingering diseases have been permanently healed, notwithstanding the fact that all other medical aid had been given in vain. This will be information of the most encouraging nature to those who have been enduring misery in hopeless despair. They may now have a definite hope of relief. While the State Electro-Medical Institute does not promise the impossible, its thoroughly experienced physicians have acquired so wide a range of special knowledge, relative to chronic and nervous diseases, that they do effect many truly marvelous cures. In making this statement it is especially desired that the public shall not confound this reputable institution with those concerns which care more for money than for the benefits bestowed. Not that this is the only reliable medical institution in the land, but that it certainly is one of the reliable, and the only one in the Northwest in which this combined electro-medical treatment is given.

It is not necessary to mention by name all the complaints that are treated successfully by the physicians of this Institute, but it may be said, in a general way, that they comprise every ailment known under the head of chronic, nervous, special, or private. The treatment is prompt, the fees reasonable, and the management of the Institute will at all times be found honorable.

#### STANLEY HALL, MINNEAPOLIS.

A great deal is being said, at this time of the summer vacation, by parents and young girls who are looking up a school for the coming year, as to which of the many institutions of learning for young women will meet the needs of the particular students in question.

Stanley Hall is a school for girls, providing a home of the highest culture and refinement, besides most thorough courses of study. Not only does music, art, elocution, physical culture and the classics receive attention, but such work as our best universities and colleges, like Smith, Wellesley and Vassar, require for entrance, is done in such a manner that a certificate from Stanley Hall is alone sufficient to



STANLEY HALL, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



enable a student to enter those schools. In fact, students are now in sophomore year of all the women's colleges named, who entered upon certificates from Stanley Hall.

In addition to all this, two full years of college work, directly in line with freshman and sophomore years of the best colleges for women, are offered, beginning with the ensuing year.

The faculty of Stanley Hall consists of college women of long experience as teachers, from such institutions as Wellesley, University of Michigan, University of Chicago, and University of Iowa; and in several instances postgraduate work and travel abroad have been added to this preparation.

The boarding department is limited to not over twenty-five to thirty girls, and with ten good teachers in the home the young ladies have the very best opportunities for personal growth and development, the advantages of which parents are not slow to appreciate.

An illustrated catalogue, containing full information as to courses of study, prices, etc., will be sent upon application to Olive Adele Evers, principal, 2118-2122 Pleasant Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

#### AN EXCELLENT MINNESOTA INSTITUTION.

For over thirty-two years, now, has St. Mary's Hall, in Faribault, Minnesota, been rated among the foremost Christian schools for girls in all that wide range of country known as the Northwest. It was founded by Bishop Whipple in 1866, and is conducted under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is well known that its high character and the advantages and comforts it offers are not surpassed by any similar institution of learning in the Union. The course of study is noted for its general merits, and the members of the faculty have a great reputation for thoroughness.

Special attention is given to drawing, painting, and to vocal and instrumental music. Aside from its educational advantages, it must be understood that no effort is spared in order to make St. Mary's Hall students cultivated Christian women. The school contains a well-equipped gymnasium, a fine telescope and observatory, chemical apparatus, art studio and library, charts, maps, etc.

Faribault is only fifty miles from St. Paul, and the school has a beautiful as well as a healthful location. The fall term will open September 14, 1898, and immediate preparation should be made to enter. St. Mary's Hall certificates admit to Wellesley. Miss Caroline Wright Eels is the principal, and Rt. Rev. H. W. Whipple, D. D., LL. D., is rector.

#### RICH NORTHWESTERN LANDS.

The rapid sale and settlement of the choice lands owned by the Western Land Company, whose offices are at 194-96 East Third Street, St. Paul, has been the subject of much favorable comment lately. It all goes to show that the farm-lands in Western Minnesota and Eastern South Dakota are regarded as very desirable holdings, and that there is a marked revival of new settlement there. The company's lands are in Grant, Stevens, Wilkin and Big Stone counties, Minnesota, and in Grant and Roberts counties in South Dakota, just across the Minnesota line. The greater number of farms in Stevens and Wilkin counties are improved, many of them having buildings upon them. This is also true, to a greater or less extent, in the other counties.

The lands owned by the company are in adjoining counties, and the soil is a rich black

loam over a clay subsoil. As they are all selected lands, the prospective buyer can rest assured that there are none better in the two States named. A good deal of it, in fact, lies in the famous Red River Valley.

These lands are in well watered counties. In some sections there are numerous flowing wells, and in nearly all sections excellent water is found at depths of fifteen to twenty-five feet. So far, the Western Land Company has sold these fine farm-lands to actual settlers—a sturdy, well-to-do lot of men who are improving their holdings constantly and adding largely to the wealth of the States they live in. Between 8,000 and 9,000 acres have been sold since the middle of March, 1898. From all points on the Great Western, the C. M. & St. P., and the M. & St. L. railways, the company offers a rate to St. Paul of one fare plus two dollars for the round trip; and on all points where lands are situated, a rate of one fare for the round trip is made. As these splendid bodies of land lie near first-class local markets, where the best transportation facilities are afforded, and in well-settled counties where there are ample school, church and social advantages, it is easily seen that the Western Land Company need not anticipate any falling off in its real estate business until another hard-time period comes along. In the meanwhile, parties who contemplate buying farm-lands should by all means write to or call upon the company for terms and particulars.

#### PROGRESSIVE FARMING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Commenting on the better farming methods now in vogue, the Valley City (N. D.) *Record* says that the old-time wheat farmer who bought horses, pork, and often butter and potatoes, has been succeeded by men who engage in mixed farming. Many of the old-timers have left the country, and their successors are making homes for themselves and getting things in shape to enjoy life.

The other day the *Times-Record* man visited the pleasant home of S. C. Grant, near Cuba, N. D. Mr. Grant has a fine farm of 820 acres under a high state of cultivation, a large pasture of nutritious prairie-grass being reserved for his splendid herd of stock. He and his wife came from Iowa a little over three years ago, and in that time have succeeded in making things homelike.



ST. MARY'S HALL, FARIBAULT, MINN.

About the house is a thrifty grove of five acres of young trees, which furnish a wind-break against the storms of winter, and a protection for the fruit-trees and small fruits which have been set out. There are forty-five plum-trees, besides gooseberries, raspberries, currants, etc., which are growing nicely. Of course they have a splendid garden.

Mrs. Grant, who is quite a chicken fancier, has a large and increasing flock of egg producers. These are comfortably housed during the cold weather, and are a source of much profit. Besides, she makes much butter from the large number of cows. The herd of cattle is composed of twenty-two head, and at the head stands a magnificent red polled bull.

To carry on his farming operations Mr. Grant has all the necessary farm machinery, and ten head of horses furnish motive power. Within a mile are the elevators at Cuba, and thus a market for his grain is convenient.

They are both well satisfied with their three years' residence in Barnes County, only regretting that they did not come ten years sooner.

#### THE PIONEER FUR HOUSE.

The portrait of Mr. Ernst Albrecht, which appears among our illustrations of Minnesota Territorial Pioneers, will be recognized by many readers who have had dealings with this veteran furrier for nearly or quite a quarter of a century. His elegant fur house at No. 20 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, under the firm name of E. Albrecht & Son, is Northwestern headquarters for everything modish in fur garments for ladies and gentlemen. The stock comprises superior lines of every variety of goods, from the costliest and most elegant furs to those of a less rare and expensive nature. This establishment is one of the places that ought to be visited by all who come to St. Paul. It would be well to make a memorandum of the number—20 East Seventh Street, for future reference.

WASHINGTON'S ICE-CAVES.—Near Trout Lake, in Southern Washington, are some very remarkable ice caves, one of which is half a mile long, twelve feet high, and forty feet wide. Melted lava forms its sides and bottom, and huge rocks, half melted, hang down to form the ceiling. Numerous columns of icicles can be seen.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY. - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

#### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, AUGUST, 1898.

#### NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Everybody is not going to the war, and there are still many enterprising young men at home who are looking to the West for opportunities to make a start in life. To such men we would say that the entire northern portion of Minnesota east of the Red River Valley is still virtually a new country and is now being opened up by the building of railroads. The Great Northern is constructing an important line across this section from Fosston to Deer River, the western terminus of the Duluth and Winnipeg, and when it is completed most of the wheat of the Lower Red River Valley will be hauled that way to Duluth, because the new line will be considerably the shortest route. A railroad owned by a local company, which now extends from Brainerd northward to Leech Lake, is going forward in the same direction and will before long reach the great alluvial valley of the Rainy River, on the extreme northern border of the State.

Northern Minnesota is still practically a wilderness, which has been invaded here and there by the loggers, who cut the pine-trees and run the logs down the little streams to the Mississippi or the St. Louis rivers. While the face of the country is mostly covered with pine forests, there are many tracts where hardwood growths indicate a good soil, and which can profitably be cleared for farms. If the new settler establishes himself near a logging-camp or a railroad, he can earn good wages all winter with his ax, and can carry his family over the summer and fall when he is busy clearing his own land. Ownership of the land is of three classes: first, the Government; second, the Northern Pacific Railway Company; third, the lumber companies. If the land the settler desires to acquire belongs to the Government, he can homestead it and it will cost him nothing. If it belongs to the railroad company, the price will depend upon the amount of good pine timber still standing upon it, and will probably range from five to ten dollars an acre, the payments running over ten years if desired. If it is the property of some lumber company,

the timber will have already been cut, and the land can probably be bought for not more than two dollars an acre.

This great forest tract is dotted with lakes of clear, cold water that abound in fish. Around their margins are natural meadows where the settler can cut hay for his stock. The climate is excellent. There is no malaria, and the cold, pure air, laden with balsamic odors from the pines, is an almost sovereign cure for lung complaints. The nearness of the region to the cities of Duluth, Superior, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, insures the farmers better prices for their product than can be obtained by those who live farther west. Development in Northern Minnesota will go forward rapidly during the next few years. New towns will spring up, and there will be many good business openings for enterprising men. People who desire more specific information are advised to apply at the offices of either the Northern Pacific or the Great Northern in St. Paul.

#### OUR PACIFIC EMPIRE.

People are just beginning to realize that the United States has entered upon a new career of expansion and ambition which is so predestined as an outgrowth of our national character, our geographical position, and our past history that no influence from within or without can stop it. By virtue of our naval victories we have suddenly stepped into the front rank of the great world-powers, and are universally feared and respected. The outcome of the Spanish war will be that no great movement will be concerted by the European powers without consulting the United States. There will be no more schemes for carving up China or for partitioning Africa, unless Uncle Sam is taken into the deal.

We have already annexed the Hawaiian Islands, and we have laid our strong hand upon the Philippines, on the other side of the Pacific. We have occupied the Ladrone group, and will soon seize the Caroline Islands. It becomes evident that our course of empire lies across the Pacific and around its shores, where the nations that now occupy the ground are effete or uncivilized, and where the American people have an evident mission to spread their commerce, their inventions, and their energies. For the new movements on the Pacific our present States facing upon that ocean must serve as the base, and this will be greatly to the advantage of their commerce and their manufactures. Their trade with Asia, Africa, and South America is destined to a very great increase. Heretofore our communities in Washington, Oregon, and California have been too remote from the rest of the country to feel fully the great currents of national life and progress. They are separated from the densely settled portion of the United States by over a thousand miles of deserts and mountains, and have stood in a position of comparative isolation. True, this isolation has been broken by the building of numerous transcontinental railroads, but, even by rail, the journey from New York or Boston to Portland or San Francisco is too long and wearisome to be undertaken by any but confirmed travelers or by people of adventurous disposition. The acquisition of colonies in and around the Pacific is going to require a much greater population on our own Pacific Slope than now exists, and the trade with such colonies is going to employ a great many people in agriculture, manufacturing, and shipping.

We are not among those timid souls who fear that some terrible evil is going to happen to our governmental system or to our popular liberties because of the carrying of our flag beyond the seas. We have full confidence in the

ability of this Republic to govern wisely in peace all the lands it may conquer in war or annex by the desire of their inhabitants, as we have done with Hawaii. Besides, we believe that in affording new outlets for the superabundant energies and the spirit of adventure of our young men, we shall suppress for many years the spirit of discontent which has been alarmingly apparent in recent times, bringing with it many forms of socialistic agitation and threats against property. In the immediate future our restless youth, who find no field at home in which they can gratify their ambition to acquire wealth, will not be forced to go to frozen Alaska, but will set sail for the Sandwich Islands or the distant Philippines, or perhaps go to establish law and order in the unstable Spanish American republics of Central and South America. But whatever may be our hopes or our fears, it is certain that we must fulfill our destiny, and that the clock of time will not turn backwards.

#### IMMIGRATION TO MANITOBA.

The people of Manitoba are congratulating themselves over the large volume of new settlers which is pouring into their Province. Most of the new people are from the eastern Provinces of the Dominion, some are from foreign countries, and a few are from the States. All appear to be good, practical farmers who go upon the new land to stay and who will prove to be a substantial class of citizens. A large proportion of the new movement has gone into the region west of Lake Manitoba, which has just been made accessible by the building of a railway. Manitoba's good fortune in securing several thousand new settlers may be traced to the enterprise of the Greenway government, which has patiently worked away at the problem of immigration for many years, and has kept the people of the older parts of Canada well informed by advertising matter and literature of the advantages offered by the great prairie Province. Through all the period of depression and discouragement, which was felt in Canada as well as in the United States, the Manitoba prime minister did not slacken in his work. He realized that the future prosperity of Manitoba depended on getting more people in it, and he knew that it had room for tens of thousands of settlers on the fertile expanses of its vast and largely vacant prairies. In the end he got the public ear for his representations about the cheap farming lands of the Canadian Northwest, and his efforts began to bear fruit. The tide of immigration, now it is once started, will no doubt continue to flow for many years, and when Manitoba becomes pretty well filled up, there will still be vast regions farther west for occupancy.

A "SNAP" FOR THE SIWASHES.—It was predicted last fall by the Dyea people that Siwashes would be living in the houses that the Skagway people were building with so much hope and confidence, and that within a year, says an Alaskan paper. Now half the houses are unoccupied, and Indians and their families are moving into those that have been deserted. There are now more than twenty families of Indians living in as many Dyea houses built by the white men within the past year.

A HUGE LUMP OF COAL.—A lump of Montana coal four feet in width by five and two-thirds feet in length, weighing 8,200 pounds, is among the exhibits from that State at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha. This is a pretty big chunk of fuel. It is difficult to mine bituminous coal in blocks sufficiently large to admit of their being fashioned symmetrically for exhibition purposes.





ST. PAUL and Minneapolis will soon have a new railroad line to St. Louis which will be somewhat shorter than either of the old routes. This is brought about by the completion of the St. Louis, Peoria, and Northern Railroad from St. Louis to Peoria. That road has made an arrangement with the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, which, by the connection of the latter road with the Minneapolis and St. Louis, makes the new through line. The effect will be to divert to St. Louis considerable Northwestern business that now goes to Chicago. The business relations between our Twin Cities and St. Louis ought to be much closer than they have been in the past. St. Louis has become one of the great cities of the continent. Her present population is over 700,000, and in some lines of business she excels Chicago. Her business houses are large and solid, and she is the only important Western city that continued to grow during the long period of depression which followed the panic of 1893.

THE Northern Pacific has won an important legal victory in the decision of the Wisconsin supreme court in the case of Doherty versus the company, which involved the right of the latter to the right of way occupied by its line from Duluth to Ashland. In 1896 Hoke Smith, then Secretary of the Interior, decided this question against the company. The charter of the Northern Pacific left indefinite the point of its eastern terminus. The road was to start at some point on Lake Superior, and run to Puget Sound. The company naturally began work at the extreme western end of the lake, but after the line had been completed to Tacoma it occurred to the managers that there was considerable traffic on the south shore of Lake Superior, and they proceeded to build a road eastward from the city of Superior to Ashland, on the Bay of Chequamegon, and a few miles farther to the little river which forms the boundary line between Wisconsin and Michigan. Whether they had any charter right to do this was the question involved in the suit, and in it is included the right to a land grant along the extended line, which comprises a good deal of valuable pine land.

ST. PAUL is practically cut off from Lake Minnetonka this season by the failure of the railroad companies to run through trains. The Great Northern has naturally lost interest in the lake since the burning of its Hotel Lafayette. The Milwaukee has a line to the Hotel St. Louis, but starts its trains at Minneapolis, leaving St. Paul people to get to that city as best they can by street-car. The M. & St. L., which runs to the Lake Park Hotel, boycotts St. Paul in like manner, starting its trains from Minneapolis. This is poor policy, for the absence of any first-class accommodations at White Bear makes St. Paul people want to go to Minnetonka for recreation and for holiday outings, and a large travel from this city could be built up by giving proper facilities. I was four hours getting home from Minnetonka lately, and had to use five different means of conveyance. I started from the St. Louis Hotel, and the clerk said it was only a twelve-

minute walk to the station of the M. & St. L. at Deephaven. I tramped half an hour over dusty by-ways through the woods, waited half an hour for the train, came on to Minneapolis in three-quarters of an hour, climbed a hill, and took a car for Hennepin Avenue to catch the Interurban. Then I transferred at Merriam Park to the Selby Avenue line, and finally reached home thoroughly worn out and in bad humor. The train should have been run through to St. Paul, but it was not. St. Paul is not a way station, and its people deserve better treatment than to be compelled to go to Minneapolis to get a train to the only attractive lake resort in this part of Minnesota.

THERE are five railroads running to Minneapolis which do not make use of the big Union Depot owned by the Great Northern Company. Three of them—the Soo Line, the Northern Pacific, and the St. Paul and Duluth—run their trains into the Milwaukee road's depot on Washington Avenue, and to accommodate them and itself the Milwaukee Company is putting up a handsome new passenger station adjoining the old one. The Chicago Great Western has its own station, and so has the Minneapolis and St. Louis. The only roads, beside the Great Northern, which use the old Union Depot are the Burlington and the Wisconsin Central. The building was planned for all the roads entering the city, and it is commodious enough to accommodate them all, being much larger than the St. Paul Union Depot, which all the roads use; but, unfortunately for the convenience of the public, the ownership is not a joint one, but is in the hands of a single company, which makes demands for a share in the depot privileges which other companies think too high.

KEEP them, is the common-sense answer to the much mooted question—What shall we do with the territories we are conquering from Spain? To the objection that they are too far away and that we cannot wisely govern them, the reply is that they are no farther from the United States than they are from Spain, and that this nation is competent to govern them better than Spain has done. It is not in the nature of the American people to give up any territory for which the blood of our soldiers and sailors has been shed. When we remember with what eagerness and jealousy the European powers recently parceled out Africa, and how they have wrangled over little slices of China, it occurs to the average American citizen that outlying possessions must be of some value, and that if they are profitable to England, Germany, France, and Russia, they will also be profitable to Uncle Sam. So that, however much the politician may try to make an issue out of what they call the imperial policy, it is going to be popular with the plain people to hold on to what we conquer.

NONE of our Minnesota soldiers have as yet seen any fighting or are likely to unless the Thirteenth regiment gets a taste of real war in the Philippines. The Twelfth and Fourteenth regiments are still at Chickamauga, and have just a chance of being sent to Puerto Rico under General Lee. The Fifteenth is in camp at St. Paul, at this writing. The old Third Regulars had been so long stationed in the Northwest, when the Spanish war began, that it seems to belong to this region. It took a creditable part in the battle before Santiago, but was not on the part of the line where the fiercest fighting took place. Several of the officers were wounded, however, and Colonel Page had a horse shot under him. Among the injured we regret to find the name of Lieutenant French, who is an old contributor to this magazine, and

a writer of much talent. His disability is reported not to be serious, and he will soon be at the head of his company again. French is a man of so keen intellect that he has fretted a good deal at the monotony of garrison life, and no one in the army will appreciate more heartily the excitement of real warfare. He will no doubt in time have something to say in print about his Cuban campaigns.

THE new Minneapolis directory contains 96,750 names. Taking the multiple of two and a quarter, which is the lowest used in any city to compute probable population from directory returns, it appears that there are now 217,687 people living in the Flour City, and that there has been a gain of over 4,000 since the directory canvass of last year. In view of the facts that the times have not been propitious for new city growth and that a considerable number of people have gone into the war or have migrated to the Klondike gold-fields, this is a very gratifying showing. Business is now good in all lines in Minneapolis, labor is pretty fully employed, and the dark cloud of hard times has passed out of sight.

SOME enthusiastic observer predicts that the wheat crop of the Northwest this season will be large enough to give the railroads a good traffic for two years in hauling it to market. This is perhaps a little extravagant, but it is certain that the crop is going to be heavy in all the hard-wheat belt and also out in Oregon and Washington, where there is never a failure. The high prices of last spring, produced by the famous Leiter wheat deal, encouraged farmers to seed more ground than usual, so that the total acreage is probably about ten per cent greater than it was in 1897. With a good yield, this means an enormous increase in the total surplus which will come to railroads for the haul to the lake ports and to the mills of Minneapolis, Duluth, and Superior. The mortgage indebtedness will be a good deal reduced by the money the farmers will get from the crop, and the merchants in the towns will enjoy a brisk trade. A wheat country always booms in years when the yield is large and the price good.

NINE families of Dunkards have recently settled in the Yakima Valley, Washington, under the Sunnyside Canal, to engage in fruit-raising and general farming. This is the beginning of a movement that promises soon to attain important dimensions. Elder Miller, one of the leading men in the denomination, went out and looked the country over last year and was very favorably impressed with it. The Dunkards are just the kind of people to make the most of the resources of an irrigated region. They are intelligent and patient workers, and are never in haste to make money rapidly and to attain a life of ease. Labor is almost a part of their religion. The success of their new communities in North Dakota shows that they are of the right stuff for Western colonists. Their advent in Washington is an event of great importance to the future of that State, and they should be given a hearty welcome by the older settlers.

IT is a little singular that Lake Pepin has not become more of a summer resort. It is reached by rail from St. Paul in only a little more time than is required to go to Lake Minnetonka, and for beauty of scenery its shores far surpass those of the more popular lake. Yet there is not, so far as we know, a single first-class summer hotel on its banks. One reason locally assigned for the neglect of this beautiful sheet of water by Twin City peo-

ple, is the fact that its navigation is dangerous for sail-boats by reason of the sudden gusts of wind that sweep over it now and then. The lake has the reputation of being a treacherous body of water; but, as a large majority of summer-resort people do not care for boating, this should not stand in the way of its development as a place of summer rest. The voyage down to the lake from St. Paul is particularly delightful. There ought to be a large hotel somewhere on the western shore, and a daily boat connecting it with this city.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Great Northern has completed its new short line to the head of Lake Superior by the purchase of the road of the Duluth, Superior and Western Company, the old Duluth and Winnipeg line, which runs out from the two lake ports into the wilderness of Northern Minnesota for about one hundred miles. By building to the terminus of this road, the Great Northern obtains the long-planned short line for its grain haul from the lower Red River Valley and the regions farther west in North Dakota. The saving in haul on a very large part of the wheat transported by that road will be nearly 100 miles over the old route by way of St. Cloud. The Duluth and Winnipeg has had a pretty long history. It was originally projected, as its name indicated, for a direct line between Winnipeg and the head of Lake Superior, and was looked upon with much favor in the Province of Manitoba on account of its promise to give a lower rate on wheat than that of the Canadian Pacific. The company was weak financially from the start, and soon got into difficulties by not paying its contractors. It became involved in a hot contest in the Minnesota Legislature over an old land grant which it claimed. The Canadian Pacific finally stepped in and obtained control, but does not seem to have desired to retain the property. Just what induced it to let go and to allow the road to drift into such a condition that Mr. J. J. Hill was able to pick it up, is a secret which Mr. Hill and the Montreal officials of the C. P. R. can alone divulge. The Duluth, Superior and Western is now a property of the Eastern Minnesota Company, which is an adjunct of the Great Northern, and with it goes the big ore dock on Allouez Bay, near Old Superior.

♦ ♦ ♦

THIS purchase by the Great Northern will no doubt be a good thing for the development of Northern Minnesota. Mr. Hill will be in a position to compete for the iron-ore traffic with the strong trust which now monopolizes nearly everything in the ore fields by reason of its control of the only transportation lines reaching the lakes. Besides, Mr. Hill is a developer by nature and experience, and he will not be long in seeing opportunities for the building of feeder-lines in the great new territory in which he has made an entrance. He possesses the intelligence to see what there is in the Northern Minnesota country, and the energy and ability to throw settlement into that region and to exploit its natural resources. The area of this unsettled region is nearly one-third the area of the entire State. It contains a great wealth of standing pine, and considerable land that is lightly timbered and which has a good soil for crops. It is practically void of population except in the logging-camps and a few small towns, like Grand Rapids, which serve as supply points for lumbermen.

WARMTH OF REINDEER SKINS.—The skin of the reindeer is so impervious to the cold that anyone clothed in such a dress, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, may bear the intensest rigors of an Arctic winter.



## T. PAUL TO ST. LOUIS.

A Voyage Down the Mississippi on a Diamond Jo Boat.

There are indications that public interest in the Upper Mississippi as a route for pleasure travel is beginning to revive. The old Diamond Jo Company has recently put two new boats—the Quincy and the Dubuque—on the route between St. Paul and St. Louis, and these steamers, as a rule, leave the two terminal points with full passenger lists. They are large and well-built craft, with comfortable staterooms equipped with running water and spring mattresses, each steamer having a long cabin extending from stem to stern, where the tables are set for meals, and where the passengers dance in the evening. At one end is a piano and sundry easy-chairs for the ladies, and at the other end is the clerk's office, which is the common resort of the passengers for information. The clerk of a river boat is always a man worth knowing, on account of the mass of varied information he carries on tap. Ask him anything you like—about the population of the towns along the bank, the length of the bridges the boat passes under, the Indian traditions associated with the headlands and limestone bluffs, the crops, the stage of water or the history of the boats you meet, and he will have a ready answer.

I made the voyage between the two saintly cities on the Quincy, recently. About one hundred passengers left St. Paul. The officers and crew numbered over seventy, so that the craft had a population equal to that of a popular summer hotel. It was, in fact, a floating hotel—sailing down a broad, full river at a rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, between picturesque banks of hills, forests, meadows, and farms. The fare is about the same for the time on the boat as at a good lakeside hotel in Minnesota, so that you really get the travel for nothing; and the chief difference between the life of the boat and that of a summer hotel, is that instead of looking out from a piazza on the same prospect, day after day, you have a new view on the boat every few minutes. The lounging, smoking, eating, dancing and general sociability that characterize hotel life at the summer resorts, go on in the same fashion upon the boat. The landscape does not rush by you as on a railroad train, but passes so slowly that you can dwell on every point of interest. In a general way the landscape is a vast panorama of many shades of green, with here and there a note of gold in the form of a wheat-field thrown like a scarf over the rounded summit of a hill. The farmhouses are near enough for you to get a glimpse of rural home-life, and as the boat stops a few minutes at every town, big and little, you grow pretty familiar with the urban as well as the country life of the valley.

There are many handsome little cities along the Upper Mississippi, each with its central kernel of business streets, built with brick and stone, and its outer envelope of residence streets, shaded with elms and maples. Winona, La Crosse, Dubuque, Galena, Davenport, Burlington, Quincy, Rock Island, Hannibal, and Alton, are all attractive places which sit on high bluffs with their feet in the water, and they have a placid and prosperous look, as seen from the boat, which makes you wish you could stay a day or two in each and get better acquainted with it. Prairie du Chien, built upon the old Dog Prairie of the early French voyageurs, is the point where many of the first settlers of Minnesota took boats for the up-river trip to their new homes, back in the fifties,

and some of the famous explorers of the Northwest first saw the Mississippi near this place, after descending the Wisconsin River in small boats. At Nauvoo, above Alton, one sees the remains of the Mormon metropolis, founded by the prophet Joseph Smith, and abandoned when the "saints" set out on their long journey to the promised land in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The site is superb, but the town collapsed when the Mormons left it, and has never revived.

We left St. Paul on a Saturday at ten o'clock in the morning, and arrived at St. Louis on the following Tuesday at two in the afternoon. The distance is 729 miles, and as the voyage occupied seventy-six hours, our average time, including stops, was about ten miles an hour; but the stops were many, and some of them consumed a good deal of time. The freight was all taken ashore or brought aboard on the backs of negro roustabouts. There has not been the least advance in the method of handling freight on the Mississippi during the whole period since steamboats first ploughed the great river. It is all transported from boat to warehouse and from warehouse to boat on men's shoulders. Our boat carried twenty-five black fellows, who swarmed ashore over the gang-plank as soon as the boat's nose touched the bank, and trotted back and forth, in a seemingly endless procession, carrying on board the bags of flour which made the bulk of our cargo, or landing plows, buggies, lumber, and boxes of merchandise. These fellows are paid a dollar a day and are fed out of big, sheet-iron pans. They squat on the lower deck, when eating, and they all act on the old proverb that fingers were made before forks. During the intervals between landings they pass their time shooting craps, a game of dice, and, as there is always a money stake, some of them manage to lose to their more lucky companions all they earn on a voyage.

The river trip from St. Paul to St. Louis is certainly the most restful and interesting journey easily available to Northwestern people. There is always something interesting to see from the deck, and there is none of the wear upon the nervous system that is inseparable from the rush and racket of a railway train. The gentle motion of the boat, the monotonous throbbing of the engines, and the slight tremor of the upper works, so lull the brain that you do not think much, and you soon fall into a quiet and dreamy state of mind. Even a good novel fails to hold your attention. Most of the passengers brought with them a stock of reading matter, but I observed that after a few attempts at reading they gave it up. The brain has had enough of work at home, and now insists on taking a vacation. It will not be spurred to new exertions to comprehend a printed page. Nearly all passengers sleep late mornings, and also take an afternoon nap. The only occurrence that breaks up the general drowsiness and listlessness is the ringing of the bell for meals. Then the easy-chairs along the guards are deserted, and the passengers hurry to the dining-cabin. They seem to have in mind the maxim of Brillat du Savarin, the French philosopher of gastronomy, who wrote, "Cultivate the pleasures of the table, for they will last when all others fail."

The river does only a very small part of the freight business of the Mississippi Valley. There is a railroad on the western shore all the way from St. Paul to St. Louis, and on the eastern bank there is a road from St. Paul as



far down as Savanna, Illinois. The boats get only about five per cent of the traffic going north or south. This is a fast age, and although the boats always carry freight for one-third less than the rail rates, they do not attract shippers as it might be supposed they would do. The reason, probably, is that there are not enough of them to make a daily line. Shippers want to know when their goods are going to leave, and when they will reach their destination. The steamboat is too slow and uncertain for them, or at least they think it is. As a matter of fact, a freight train consumes about as much time between any two river points as a steamer does, but the custom of sending freight by rail is so firmly established that it could only be broken by a very strong effort in the way of soliciting business on the part of the steamboat owners. At present, the boats get only the business that comes to them of its own accord. They do not employ the methods of the railroads in soliciting freight or in advertising for passenger travel, and probably this could only be done by a strong company having ample capital. It may be, however, that some time in the future the Mississippi will be restored to its old importance as an avenue of transportation. It certainly merits a great deal more patronage than it now gets. We are beginning to develop in the West a class of people of leisure to whom a day or two saved in a journey is not a matter of vital importance. With leisure comes the cultivation of taste and the love of beautiful scenery, and this love can be gratified by a voyage on the Upper Mississippi as it can be nowhere else this side of the Hudson River.

E. V. S.

## THE GOLDEN EAGLE OF MANITOBA.

The golden eagle, which is common among the wooded hills along the rivers of Manitoba, is a large bird, but is chiefly distinguished for compactness of form, for strength, activity, courage, and boldness. The eye is far-seeing and keen, the beak cruel and dangerous, the legs like sections of twisted steel, and the claws like clusters of large, living fish-hooks. He spends the winter in Manitoba, and, while subsisting chiefly on bush rabbits, will not hesitate to swoop on a prairie hare that will weigh about twelve pounds.

Hares are very numerous in some parts of Manitoba. They love the open prairie more than the wooded districts, and subsist by visiting grain-stacks and farm-yards, and obtain some food from portions of wheat-fields that have not been reaped. When from a distance the keen eye of the eagle detects a hare on the open plains, the Cypress River (Man.) *Western Prairie* says, the strong bird circles about the terrified beast with much deliberation, carefully heading the unfortunate creature away from shelter. The object is to tire out the hare. Sometimes the eagle makes a stoop, and with strong wing knocks the hare headlong on the snow. As the hare becomes weak, the eagle seems to become stronger and bolder, and again strikes the much exhausted hare, skin and fur flying from the back of the victim at every charge.

The now thoroughly aroused bird sweeps on faster than before, but turns quickly and again knocks over the struggling hare; and then, with a last and determined sweep, strikes its terrible claws into the struggling animal and, with relentless grip, retains the hold. Finally the

hooked iron beak is repeatedly struck into the heart of the dying beast, and the hungry eagle feasts on the still quivering flesh.

**AN EXCITED PROSPECTOR.**—While out prospecting in an out-of-the-way gulch in the Black Hills, S. D., recently, a "tenderfoot" from the East unearthed a fifteen-ounce nugget of pure gold. He was so excited that he forgot to note his surroundings, and after returning to Hill City, where he exhibited his treasure, he was utterly unable to find the way back to his gold-field. The nugget was worth about \$240.

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Both exhibition and amusement features will be far greater than ever before. There will be complete Agricultural, Horticultural, Dairy, Mineral, Forestry, Apiary, Machinery, Artistic, and Miscellaneous Displays. The Live Stock Exhibit will be especially great, as all the best types in Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry, are to be shown.

The business men of Minneapolis have contributed a purse of \$5,000 for a trotting race, and the business men of St. Paul a like sum for a pacing race. The contests for these magnificent purses, as well as for the \$10,000 offered in purses by the Society, will be sensational and these generous contributions enable the board to announce the best amusement program ever witnessed at a State fair.

The cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis will extend accustomed cordial hospitality to all State Fair visitors.

Reduced rates on all railways for the whole week. Write to the secretary at Hamline, Minnesota, for premium lists, entry blanks or other information.

**E. W. RANDALL**, Secretary.

**JOHN COOPER**, President.



Marshfield's new high school building will cost about \$20,000.

Oshkosh proposes to erect a \$40,000 library building.

One of Plattsville's new business blocks will cost \$25,000.

An aluminum factory will soon be in operation in Manitowoc.

Centuria is going to have a harrow factory. The capital stock is \$15,000.

The Wisconsin River Pulp & Paper Company's factory at Whiting, which was burned, will be rebuilt.

A new elevator at Sheboygan will have a capacity for 750,000 bushels; the annex will hold 1,000,000 bushels.

One hundred and nine plumbing establishments in Milwaukee do about \$750,000 worth of business a year.

Superior's new Congregational church will cost \$10,000. A new Episcopal church building will cost about \$12,000.

The American Steel Barge Company at West Superior will begin \$50,000 worth of improvements at once, including a large power-house.

It is announced that the survey for the extension of the Wisconsin & Michigan to the Menomonee Range is about completed, and the work will be done this year.

Another copper mine is to be developed on the Wisconsin side of the Bay of Gordon. A company has been organized, and development work will be commenced at once. The company contemplates the erection of a stamp-mill.

The Great Northern has just completed the largest warehouse on the great lakes at Superior. It is 1,540 feet long, 132 feet deep, and two stories high. There is room enough to accommodate six of the largest lake vessels loading and unloading at the same time.

#### Minnesota.

Nicollet is after a 300-barrel flour-mill.

Fosston's electric-light plant will cost \$15,500.

A new steel elevator in Faribault will hold 50,000 bushels of grain.

West Duluth is anticipating the establishment of a glass factory there.

An electric-light plant will soon be among local improvements in Winnebago City.

The Eagle Mills Elevator Company of New Ulm will erect a 25,000-bushel elevator in Lamberton.

Mankato's knitting-mills have put in machinery for the manufacture of gloves, mittens and underwear as well.

Contracts have been let for the machinery for the Northwest Paper Company's plant at Cloquet. This looks like business.

The Appleton Press says that place is the scene of a building boom such as has not struck any Western town for many years.

Grading is about completed for the Brainerd & Northern Minnesota above Walker, and track-laying will be begun at once.

It costs the Gillette-Herzog Manufacturing Company, of Minneapolis, \$9 per week to stamp the checks for its weekly pay-roll.

Things must be rather brisk at Delano. The Gazette says it is harder than ever to get a man to drive a nail, saw a board, or plaster up a hole in the wall.

The Aitkin Age says: It is stated that the Fosston extension of the Great Northern Road, Crookston to Duluth, will be in operation by September 1. This is Minnesota's most northerly east and west road, and

connects the Red River Valley wheat fields directly with Duluth and thence via the Great Lakes to the Atlantic seaboard.

It is said that a company is being formed to establish another paper-mill in Cloquet. The Chicago Tribune is understood to be the chief stockholder.

Brick business is very prosperous this season. The Northfield brick-yards are turning out 35,000 brick per day, and the Rushfeldt yard at Albert Lea has already shipped 100 cars of brick this year.

The Duluth News-Tribune says that the lumber shipments from the head of the lakes at present are estimated at 3,000,000 feet per day, and it is said that at no previous time in the history of lumber shipping there has there been greater volume. Most of the lumber is destined for Eastern markets. The lumber business is said to be in a very prosperous and profitable condition, and the prospects for a big crop this fall are regarded with satisfaction.

The following statement comes from Hawley: "Never in the history of the county has there been so much lumber sold in one locality at any one year as is being sold here this season. Every day the roads in all directions leading into Hawley are lined with teams hauling lumber. The improvements among the east side of the county farms this spring is remarkable. Thousands of acres of wild prairie land were plowed up this spring and sown to flax, and there will soon be a dwelling-house and barn on nearly every quarter-section of land. The country in this vicinity is booming, and likewise the village of Hawley."

#### North Dakota.

Perth's bank building is nearing completion.

The new M. E. church at LaMoure is nearly finished.

An acetylene gas plant is contemplated for Hankinson.

A Sargent County farmer sold eighteen steers for \$565 cash.

The new Catholic church at Veseleyville will cost over \$6,000.

The new school building in Churches Ferry will cost about \$7,000.

Burleigh County reduced its bonded indebtedness nearly \$14,000 last year.

Clifford is to have a new State bank. A fine building will be built especially for it.

Bismarck is soon to have the long-distance telephone and the lines of the Postal Company—rivals of the Western Union.

A new wholesale hardware house has just been established in Fargo, which city is becoming quite an important jobbing point.

New Rockford is to have a 30,000-bushel elevator, and Dazey will have one of 35,000-bushel capacity. Another elevator is being put up in Voss.

Crop prospects in the State are more than fair. There is an increased acreage, and it is thought that there will be a largely increased output. Harvesting is now in progress.

Dun's review shows that the business of this country for the month of July was the heaviest of any year on record. Fargo stands well up to the front in the increase.—Fargo Forum.

An elegant three-story and basement pressed brick and iron building, 100x125 feet in size, will accommodate the growing business of the Grand Forks Mercantile Company at Grand Forks.

Building operations are very active all over the State. Two new brick blocks are in course of construction at Langdon, a big store building is going up in St. Thomas, and a brick bank structure is projected for Finley.

It is given out that the Soo will iron its grade to a point twenty-six miles from Bismarck this fall, says the Bismarck Tribune. The old grade is found in excellent condition. There is no longer doubt of the road being ironed into Bismarck next spring.

#### South Dakota.

The new Anderson block in Redfield will cost \$8,000. A two-story block in Tyndall will cost \$9,000.

There is good feeling all through the State over the harvest outlook. Indications are that there will be more than an average crop and that farm products generally will command fair prices.

A contract has been let for the construction of a \$10,000 or \$15,000 Catholic church in Aberdeen.

It is reported that the Milwaukee road will build a line across the reservation from Pierre to the Black Hills.

Work has been begun on the Sioux Falls Brewing Company's plant. The rebuilt structure will cost \$50,000.

Deadwood has voted bonds for a new \$10,000 school-house. A three-story brick business block is another new building enterprise there.

There is a project to organize a company and construct a telephone line from Miller to Kimball, via Gannvalley. It would cost \$30,000.

Building operations in Arlington are moving along lively. A large brick block and several fine residences are among the latest improvements.

Capital has been interested in the establishment of a smelter at Spearfish, and it is expected to have it ready for business within ninety days.

It is announced that the Wyoming & Missouri River Railway, which is being built from Belle Fourche to the Hay Creek coal lands, will be extended to Sundance in Wyoming.

#### Montana.

Hamilton's new flour-mill is now under construction.

Contractors are hard at work on Livingston's new flour-mill.

It has been decided to construct a paper-mill in Manhattan next fall. Manhattan is a live place.

It is reported that the Northern Pacific will extend its line from Rockvale to the Bridger coal-fields, twenty miles.

Butte keeps right on growing. A new \$29,000 school-house is to be built in East Butte, and three new brick and stone business blocks are projected.

Parties in Billings recently sold a lot of extra choice wool for seventeen and three-eighths cents a pound. The Gazette is of the opinion that at least 3,500,000 pounds will be marketed from that place this season.

Big crops are expected from the Gallatin and other valleys in the State. The season has been first-rate, and outputs of all kinds of produce will be large and command good values. Each succeeding year only proves that Montana is destined to rank as an agricultural as well as a mining State.

The Stock Growers Journal of Miles City says: "Figuring on the estimate for this year, 8,000,000 pounds of wool will pass through the Great Falls market; this, at sixteen cents a pound for the average, would mean the payment of \$1,280,000 in the course of a month." Sixteen cents a pound is good, but as a matter of fact a great deal of Montana wool has sold this year for seventeen, seventeen and a half and even as high as twenty cents a pound. The State's wool clip is estimated at 24,000,000 pounds.

#### Idaho.

A fifty-barrel flour-mill is being erected in Cottonwood.

It is estimated that Idaho's wool clip this year aggregates 15,000,000 pounds.

The warehousemen in Kendrick are making preparations to handle what now seems to indicate the largest crop ever grown in the Potlatch District.

According to the Wallace (Id.) Press, the plant of the Idaho Antimony Mining Company, near Kingston, is to be enlarged to three or four times its present capacity.

The sale of the Comora mine, on Connor Creek, near Albion, to the Drumlummon people for \$45,000 in cash, will have a tendency to stimulate the mining industry in that region.

Moscow correspondence states that a new row of brick business houses is going to be built there—seven store-rooms altogether. Nearly all of them have already been rented.

The Moscow Evaporating Fruit Company's plant will soon be ready to handle fruit and vegetables in large quantities. It will be of great value to the fruit-growers in that section.

Spokane parties recently closed an important mining deal at Boise. They purchased the Franklin and Vixie mines at Pine Grove, the consideration being



\$200,000. It is proposed to do some extensive development work immediately, although the properties had already been developed by a 300-foot tunnel.

It is said that prospectors have recently staked out a large amount of placer ground on the bar between Boulder and Gold creeks, in the Priest Lake District. It is claimed by the parties who did the work that they were employed by a syndicate of Spokane and Eastern capitalists. It is also said that the syndicate will put in a large hydraulic plant.

#### Oregon.

Ashland is experiencing a lively building boom.

It is said that fully 2,000 men are working in the mines within a radius of fifty miles of Baker City.

The amount of coin put into circulation in Grant County by sheep and cattle buyers this year is estimated at \$100,000, which many consider a conservative statement.

The town of Condon, in Gilliam County, has decided to put in water-works at a cost of \$4,000. It has \$1,000 in its treasury, and will borrow \$3,000 more from local people to complete the works.

Wallowa County has only 5,000 population, of whom 1,300 are voters, but it will sell \$200,000 worth of sheep and wool this season, and the mill at Joseph has for the past four months been shipping 500 barrels of flour a month to Hong-Kong.

Pendleton's new flour-mill is nearly ready for operation. Its present capacity is 500 barrels per day, but it can easily be increased to a thousand barrels. The cost complete will be about \$150,000. It is one of the finest mills in the whole Northwest.

Pendleton, more than any other small city on the Coast, has this season undergone great improvement in the way of buildings. Not less than \$150,000 has been expended since March 1, and that much or more is in prospect of being spent during the summer and early fall.—*Pendleton (Ore.) Tribune.*

The output of beets near La Grande this season will be close to 50,000 tons. It will take 800 wagons, hauling two loads of two tons each, thirty days to move the beets to the factory. This must be done just when the estimated 1,500,000 bushels of grain is to be harvested in Union County. There is work for everybody.

#### Washington.

Walla Walla has voted \$30,000 in bonds to erect a brick schoolhouse.

W. G. Cutler, of Utah, offers to erect a beet-sugar factory of 1,000 bushels' capacity daily, if the citizens of Walla Walla will give a bonus of \$100,000.

A ledge has been discovered two and a half miles north of the new town of Shuksan, in the Mount Baker District, samples of which assayed \$1,510 to the ton.

The Pacific Coast Elevator Company will erect two elevators at Guy, as well as one each at La Crosse, Endicott, St. John, Walters' Siding, Glenwood, and Summit.

The increase in this year's lamb crop in Washington was from 90 to 125 per cent. It is estimated that over \$2,000,000 will be paid this year in this State and Oregon for sheep and cattle.

It is reported that the Window Glass Workers' Association of Pittsburg contemplates establishing glass-works in Tacoma. There is also some talk of the same parties putting in a glass plant at Seattle.

Eastern Washington will witness a departure this year never before known in the harvesting annals of the section. Steam threshers in numbers from the drouth-stricken regions of California are hastening in to help preserve the enormous crop of grain.

A good shingle-mill man, with sufficient capital to put in a mill and operate it, can find a good opening in Montesano. A new mill building is here, ready for the machinery, and a local business man is willing to take stock to the amount of \$1,000 at least.—*Montesano Vidette.*

All Washington papers are jubilant over the State's big crop prospects. It is probable that not less than 20,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised there this year. This will place the farmers of Washington at the top notch of prosperity. It ought to lift all their mortgages and make free and independent land-holders.

While prospecting for mineral in the mountains back of Port Ludlow, Samuel Craig made a discovery

### "IF YOU SEEK FOR INFORMATION"

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Write for advertising matter and full particulars to

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which is attracting considerable attention among mining men. The ledge or formation is cement, thoroughly impregnated with rubies, varying in size from a pin-head to a buckshot. The cement, when exposed to air, becomes soft and is easily crushed.

Fairhaven has been in great luck the past year. It has secured the \$70,000 plant of the Pacific Sheet Metal Works, employing nearly 200 persons; the big Seaborg Cannery, the second largest in the world; the Franco-American Packing Company, another mammoth concern for handling fish, making the fourth fish cannery for the place; an ice-factory and cold storage plant; a fresh fish establishment; and now the industries of the town are about to be reinforced by a brand-new fruit cannery and evaporating plant, which will preserve the berries, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, prunes, apricots, apples, etc., grown for 300 miles around.

#### Canadian Northwest.

A horticultural exhibition will be held at Brandon (Man.) on August 26.

On the Crow's Nest railway most of the grading contracts are through, and the steel is now as far as Wardner.

The grain-storage capacity of Manitoba is being largely increased this year by the erection of a number of new elevators. Nearly all the grain firms are putting in from five to twelve elevators at various points.

Letters received in Winnipeg from managers of the Canadian banks at Dawson City, say the gold commissioner estimates the production of gold at \$7,000,000. It would be more but for the number of men having to leave last winter on account of the anticipated shortage of provisions, and the consequent scarcity of laborers at the mines.

As an evidence of the growth of the business of the Kootenay Country in the past few years, the figures showing the increase of the Government revenue from the New Denver (B. C.) District since 1887 might be of interest: 1887-88, \$26,425; 1888-89, \$22,935; 1889-90, \$48,939; 1890-91, \$43,986; 1891-92, \$67,465; 1892-93, \$91,050; 1893-94, \$67,923; 1894-95, \$82,106; 1895-96, \$140,842; 1896-97, \$384,804.

The Cariboo Mining, Milling & Smelting Company, operating claims in Camp McKinley, B. C., paid its nineteenth dividend recently. The payment was the usual amount, two cents per share, or a total of \$16,000. A dividend for a similar amount was paid early in May. This payment swells the total dividends paid by the company close to the quarter-million mark, the exact figure being \$220,965.

Statistics just compiled show that Manitoba and the Northwest Territories produced more wheat last year than was generally supposed. Up to a few days ago eighteen and a half million bushels of wheat (flour included) had passed through Winnipeg on the C. P. R. since the '97 crop began to move. Two millions were taken out by the Northern Pacific, four millions were held by farmers for seed, etc., and the milling companies now hold over one million bushels in stock, so that the total yield is estimated at between twenty-five and twenty-six million bushels.

The Rossland (B. C.) *Miner* says that the ore output for the first six months of 1898 for the Trail Creek division was 39,365 tons, valued at \$1,277,979.11. This is a good showing and has been accomplished during a period when the Le Roi mine, one of the principal producers of ore, was shut down for a space of nearly two months. The output for the first six months of 1897 was 3,008 tons. The increase in 1898 over 1897 for the first six months was 9,375 tons, and valuing this increase at \$30 per ton, a very low estimate, it makes the increase in dollars and cents for the first six months of the present year over the same period of last year \$280,710. If the same ratio of increase is kept up during the last half of the present year, the increase will be over a half-million dollars.

#### New Sleeping Car Line

between Chicago and Buffalo, on train No. 6, Nickel Plate Road, leaving Chicago daily from Van Buren Street Passenger Station (on the loop) at 2:55 p. m. Also a through sleeper to New York via Nickel Plate and Lackawanna roads, in addition to the excellent through service heretofore maintained.

#### New Maps.

New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000 address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.



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**\$150.00 PER MONTH** and expenses made by all our active men. We pay many far more.

We want men in every County in the United States. If your reference is satisfactory we will start you at once. No experience necessary. No capital required. We furnish a full line of samples, stationery, etc. A tailor's-for-the-trade complete outfit ready for business. No commission Plan, you regulate your profits to suit yourself. No house to house canvass. This is not one of the many catchy advertisements for agents, but one of the very few advertisements offering a rare opportunity to secure strictly high grade employment at big wages.

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We make to measure over 300,000 suits annually. We occupy one of the largest business blocks in Chicago. We refer you to the Bank of Commerce in Chicago, and Express or Railroad Co. in Chicago, any resident of Chicago. Before engaging with us, write to any friend in Chicago and ask them to come and see us, then write you if it is a rare opportunity to secure steady, high class, big paying employment. **BETTER STILL**—come to Chicago yourself and see us before engaging and satisfy yourself regarding every word we say. You can get steady work and big pay. Work in your own county 300 days in the year, and you can't make less than \$5 every day above all expenses.

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pleased with the work, would say I do not object to your using my photograph, and your prices are very low and garments so exact to my measurements that I gladly recommend you. I would add that I have never made less than \$80.00 per month since I received your first outfit, and in the best months have made as high as \$150.00 per month. Very truly,  
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to order \$5.00 and upward; Pants from \$1.50 to \$5. Prices so low that nearly every one in your county will be glad to have their Suits and Overcoats made to order.

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**YOU REQUIRE NO MONEY** 5 days and send direct to your customers by express C. O. D., subject to examination and approval, at your selling price, and collect your full selling price, and every week we will send you a check for all your profit. You need collect no money, deliver no goods, simply go on taking orders, adding a liberal profit, and we deliver the goods, collect all the money and every week promptly send you in one round check your full profit for the week. Nearly all our good men get a check from us of at least \$40.00 every week in the year.

**THE OUTFIT IS FREE** We make no charge for the book and complete outfit, but as EACH OUTFIT COSTS US SEVERAL DOLLARS, to protect ourselves against many who would impose on us by sending for the outfit with no intention of working, but merely out of idle curiosity, AS A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH ON THE PART OF EVERY APPLICANT, we require you to fill out the blank lines below, giving the names of two parties as reference, and further agreeing to pay ONE DOLLAR and express charges for the outfit when received, if found as represented and really a sure way of making big wages. The \$1.00 you agree to pay when outfit is received does not begin to pay the cost to us but insures you mean business. **WE WILL REFUND YOUR \$1.00 AS SOON AS YOUR ORDERS HAVE AMOUNTED TO \$25.00**, which amount you can take the first day you work.

Fill out the following lines carefully, sign your name, cut out and send to us, and the outfit will be sent you at once.

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GENTLEMEN:—Please send me by express C. O. D., subject to examination, your Sample Book and Complete Salesman's Outfit, as described above. I agree to examine it at the express office and if found exactly as represented and I feel I can make good big wages taking orders for you, I agree to pay the express agent, as a guarantee of good faith, and to show I mean business, One Dollar and express charges, with the understanding the \$1.00 is to be refunded to me as soon as my sales have amounted to \$25.00. If not found as represented and I am not perfectly satisfied I shall not take the outfit or pay one cent.

Sign your name on above line.

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On above two lines give as reference the names of two men over 21 years of age who have known you one year or longer.

On above line give name of your nearest express office.



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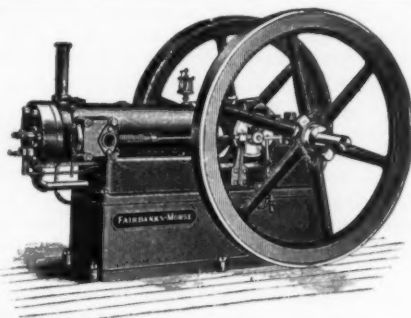
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Quietly, and in marked contrast with some of its contemporaries, the Chicago Great Western has just placed two royal new trains into service between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, green and gold in colors, with red roofs and trucks, and simply Aladdin interiors. The new trains are Pullman palaces, built after special designs born in the Chicago Great Western general offices. The interiors are mahogany, richly inlaid, and the furnishings harmonious carpets and draperies. The club-cars of these splendid new limited trains are something entirely new and novel under the sun. They have flat ceilings, and resemble rooms more than cars. They have high-backed, luxuriously cushioned settees at the ends and in the corners, like those in the new Grand Pacific bar, with a mahogany center-table, lamp-illuminated, with rich canopy shades, and surrounded by easy-chairs. The windows are diamond-shaped prismatic-glass lattice work, after the ancient German style. The club-car has all the appointments and conveniences of a metropolitan club. At the front end is a conductor's room, with desk and lamp, where he can transact his ticket-assorting unseen and undisturbed. The Chicago Great Western has excelled itself and contemporaries in the introduction of these imperial trains, but proposes to let them be discovered by the traveling public, hence their noiseless inaugural.

## SUPERIOR ROAD CONVEYANCES.

The improvements that have been made in road conveyances since the days of our forefathers are as great as those that have been made in railway locomotives and coaches. The heavy, ponderous, and inelegant old-time vehicles had nothing in common with the strong, durable, yet light-running vehicles of today. This was presented most forcibly to the writer's mind while enjoying a drive in one of the celebrated Muckle carriages recently—made by the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company at Minnesota Transfer, a point midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul. The carriages, buggies, phaetons, surreys, and other vehicles made by this company are standard throughout the Northwest. In construction, finish, style, and serviceableness they have no superiors and very few equals. They are sold to the public direct from the big factory, thus saving all costs of traveling men and all the commissions usually paid to agents. It would pay every man to send for one of the company's illustrated catalogues, just to see what elegant vehicles are made, and how very reasonable the terms are.

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Throughout the West there is a strong, widespread confidence in a continuance of the new good times. The farmer has been turned from a pessimist into an optimist. Last year's prosperity made him financially able to relieve himself of much of that load of debt under which he had been laboring for years, and even with a small measure of the same sort of profitable conditions in 1898, he will be financially stronger than he has been for years. There is every reason to believe that the profits of the farmer this year are to be very much larger than they were last year.—*Portland Oregonian*.

**SOME LARGE WHEAT FIGURES.**—The Dalles (Ore.) *Times-Mountaineer* says that farmers in Oregon and Washington are jubilant over crop prospects this year. It is estimated that there will be 40,000,000 bushels of wheat harvested in the two States, an increase of twenty per cent over any former crop. This is probably a liberal estimate, but there is little doubt that there will be a very large yield.



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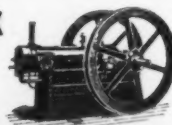
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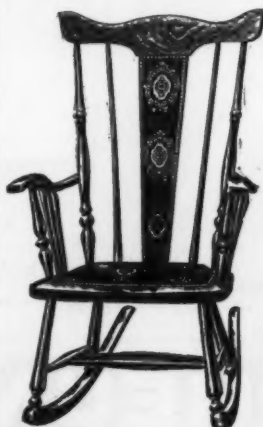
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Developing and Finishing for Amateurs.



**A HUGE SALMON.**—According to the Vancouver (B. C.) *Independent*, a chinook salmon weighing 178 pounds was exhibited in market there the other day. That would keep a pretty large family well provisioned in the fish line for a solid year.

**VALUABLE NORTH DAKOTA GULLS.**—Gulls, heretofore considered by farmers as a useless species of bird, are proving a great aid to the hopper hunters in North Dakota. The Grand Forks *Courier* says they are so fond of the young hoppers that many gulls have been found in the fields gorged to death.

**TO HAUL SUGAR-BEETS IN.**—A farmer who lives near Island City, Ore., bought forty-two large-sized farm wagons recently for his own use in carrying sugar-beets to the new sugar factory at La Grande, in that State. He can claim the distinction of being the largest individual owner of farm wagons in Oregon.

**GOATS IN A GRAVEYARD.**—Some time ago two ranchmen in Washington bought a band of goats to clean their ranch of hazel-brush. The goats did not confine themselves strictly to that business, however, but got into a neighboring cemetery and destroyed all the plants and grass around a good many graves. Goats are known to rid land of undergrowth very quickly, and are frequently used for such purposes.

**AN OLD TIME CACHE.**—A singular discovery was made the other day by a farmer in North Dakota, who lives near one of the old overland routes. In excavating for a cellar he unearthed an old-fashioned oil-skin in which was quite a supply of smoked meats—rather moldy, it is true, but otherwise in a fair state of preservation. It was probably a long-forgotten cache, made by hunters or travelers who had camped on the ground years ago.

**NATURAL YEAST IN WASHINGTON.**—The streams flowing from the glaciers of Mount Adams through this country have many springs of sparkling soda-water running out along their banks, says the Goldendale, Wash., correspondent of the *Seattle Times*. Away up toward the head of the Big Klickitat an immense boulder, standing out in the middle of the current, has a fountain of soda-water gushing out of its top. A peculiarity of this soda-water is that if it be used to wet the flour in the making of bread, no yeast or baking-powder is needed, as the bread will be as light and nice as if the best yeast powder had been used.

**A STORIED ROCK.**—While surveying at the corner of Ninth and Jerome avenues recently, says the Astoria (Ore.) *Astorian*, Engineer A. S. Tee unearthed a large rock which is most curiously inscribed. On the side facing the south there appears the following:

DIED  
1860  
XIX

The north side of the rock is covered with strange hieroglyphics, supposed to be the writings of Indians. Probably the rock is the grave-stone of some Indian chief. Mr. Tee purposes to study the writings on the rock.

## MEN and WOMEN

Who have suffered years from lingering and wasting diseases

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These specialists are among the best, most successful and scientific the world has ever known, and are achieving results in curing the sick and suffering by their Electro-Medical treatment which would be impossible to secure by either electrical or medical treatment alone. The State Electro-Medical Institute is the **ONLY PLACE** where you can obtain the benefits of this successful treatment under the most skillful and learned specialists. **BE ASSURED** that if any power on earth can cure you these doctors can—

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**F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., Wholesale Manufacturers, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**



## THE DAGO POLICEMAN.

There have been "Dagoes" on the police force in other days. There was the Dell 'Osso, of mediaeval memory, whose name had been a source of terror to the Dagoes on the flats, even as in other days the Dell 'Osso gonfalon had been a terror to the enemies of Florence.

Then there was that other son of the South who had not got quite as far as a place on the force, but whose ambition had led him to add two inches to his stature—on paper. He stuffed his shoes. But the only present member of the force who had to abjure Humbert of Italy when he became an American citizen is now attached to the central station, and he is quite as full of vaulting ambition as though the eyes of all Italy were upon him. And thereby hangs this o'er true tale.

He has not been long on the force. He is enthusiastic. He has visions of himself passing through the various grades of "coppership," and attaining finally to the unbending dignity of a seat in the swing chair that occupies the inner sanctum. It was necessary that he should inform himself of small matters in the line of duty, and he would not expose himself to ridicule by asking questions. There is, even to a man of no emotions, something mysterious about a fire-alarm

He muttered "cospetto," "sapristi!" and "caramba," or whichever of these remarks is appropriate for utterance under like circumstances.

Another shriek from that warning whistle and he had an inspiration. He slipped out of his coat, and, leaving it hanging to the box, tore madly off up the street to where Sergeant Ross stood.

"Where were you?" growled Ross, as the Italian came to the salute.

"Signor Sergeant-a, I maka de bada mistake. I lose-a de coat; I soak-a de key."

And Ross had to send for the fire department to get the key out of soak.—*St. Paul Globe.*

## A RAILWAY ANECDOTE.

General Manager Fred Underwood, of the Soo line, can tell as good a story as the next man, says the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, of Minneapolis. One of his railroad stories came out in the inquiry before the special master at St. Paul on the taking of testimony to be laid before the United States Court at Fargo relative to the actual cost of transporting freight.

"I do not want to be considered flippant," said Mr. Underwood, the witness, "but as a matter of fact the incidents that I am about to relate really happened. A short time ago a firm at one of the towns along our line shipped two barrels of liquid to two different men in another town. One of the barrels contained whisky and the other vinegar. In shipping, the barrels got mixed, and the man that should have received the vinegar received the whisky, while the man that should have received the whisky got the vinegar. The man who got the whisky swore that he had received a barrel of vinegar, and refused to turn it back. The man who got the vinegar refused to accept it, because



DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

"Say, papa, I want to ask you a question. If I should ever marry a citizen, I wouldn't be a deserter, would I?"

box. Who has not felt a desire to ring in a fire alarm, and have those prancing steeds come dashing up as though in response to the waving of a magician's wand?

The Italian copper had a key to the alarm-box, but it had not yet been his proud privilege to summon the fire department. He didn't quite know how he would act when some night he saw the flames bursting from the roof of a building, and it lay with him to become the savior of life and property. He experimented. It was about 2 in the morning. He picked out a box on lower Seventh Street. It, the box, was fastened well upon a pole, and he speculated. He had a key that would fit the box. The key was attached to a chain, and the chain was fastened to the star that adorned his overcoat. It would be well to inform himself of the working of the box. So he pushed his key into the keyhole and turned it part way. And just then he heard the whistle of the sergeant a block or more away, and he tried to respond.

The key would not come out of the box. These boxes are so made that when the key is inserted it cannot be taken out until the chief in command of the fire department comes and releases it.

The copper didn't know this, and he worked at the key.

Again came that whistle.

He got desperate; the sergeant would think he was neglecting his duty, and still the key would not give way. He felt like a man chained in the midst of rising waters. He could not release the chain from the star.

he should have received whisky. It took us two months to find out what I have told you in a few words, and the information cost us \$50. The gross earnings on charges on the two shipments were eighty cents, and we did not get that. That is one illustration of the cost of handling local way-freight.

"At another time we had a train-load of grain standing on the track at a point on the line. A cyclone blew the entire train a distance of seventy-two miles toward the market, without the burning of a pound of coal and without the cost of a crew to look after the train. That is an instance of the handling of through freight at reduced cost."

## AN APPRECIATIVE CORONER.

Moses Folsom, the energetic immigration agent of the Great Northern Railway Company, tells a good story of R. X. Lewis, a St. Paul boy who is now editor of the *Glasgow (Minn.) Gazette*. He was foreman of a jury—to investigate the accidental death of a young man. At the close of the ceremony the coroner asked him to make a few remarks, which he did, closing the eulogy by reciting Bryant's "Thanatopsis," the eloquence of which so captivated the coroner that he burst out at the close with:

"Gee whiz! Lewis, that's the best thing I ever heard you get off; you might talk a hundred years and not beat it!"

Lewis was elected to the Legislature the next fall.



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If any further information is desired, send for Catalogue with cuts and mailing card for remittance.

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Presenting greatest comfort and fastest time, passengers taking train leaving Minneapolis 9:00 am; St. Paul 9:35 am, daily via THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE, C. St. P. M. & O. Ry., make close connections at Council Bluffs with Union Pacific "Colorado Special" arriving Denver 1:30 next afternoon, —Less than 28 hours on the way.

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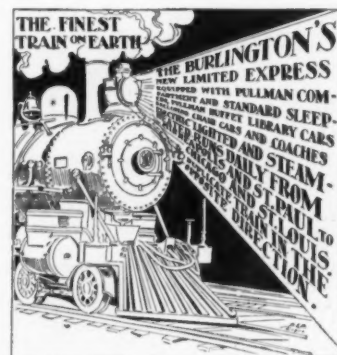
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## A Good Start.

Many a young man has made his start in life by a clever stroke in merchandising. Most successful business men have to carve their way to wealth by years of hard toil without help from outside sources. When opportunities are thrust upon a man who accepts them they lead to an honorable and successful business career. The offer made by the American Woolen Mills Co., of Chicago, gives every man who accepts it an opportunity to establish a remunerative business without capital and with the need of but little experience. See advertisement—"Clothing Salesman Wanted."

## A Bit of Religious Excitement

The Kindred (N. D.) Mirror is authority for the statement that, at a recent fire in that place, ridiculousness and wickedness were somewhat mixed when a woman, connected with the burning structure, who was running around hunting her effects, excitedly shouted:

"Where in h— is my Bible?"

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For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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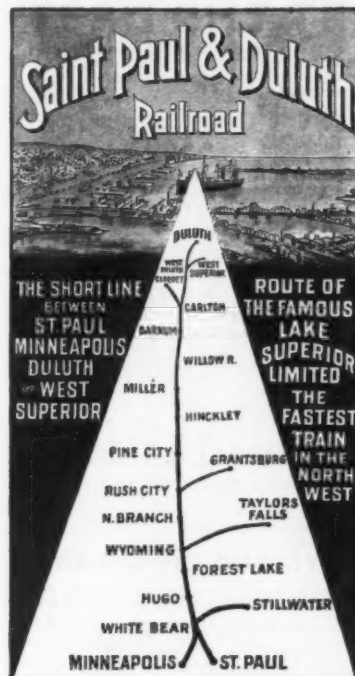
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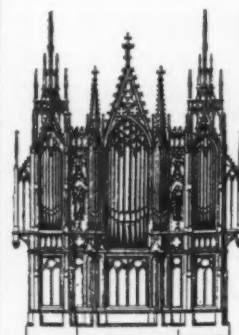
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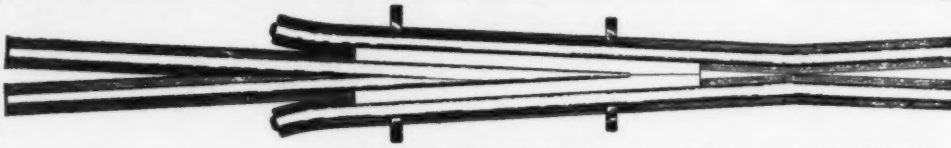
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**THE HARVEY GRIP THREAD TRACK BOLT.**

Made of Soft Steel with Cold Pressed Threads.  
Fits to Every nut and requires less  
force to turn with nut than  
any other bolt.

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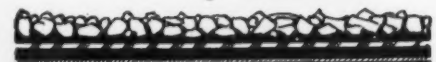
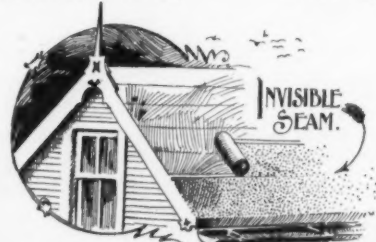
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It seems paradoxical that people of small caliber can prove themselves to be great bores.

The country never realized what a coast-line it had until Uncle Sam set out to watch it.

"Remember the Maine," says a Kansas newspaper genius, "and pay up your subscription."

"You kin git yo' daily bread by prayin'," says Uncle Mose, "but de nighty chicken has to be hustled fo'."

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," said the doctor.

"If I'd always followed that rule, Marla," said the patient, turning to his wife, "where would you be?"



Stern Father—"Young man, I saw you kissing my daughter as I passed the parlor door, and I want you to know that I don't like it. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Young Man—"Well, all I've got to say is that you don't know a good thing when you see it."

Jones (reading a dispatch from seat of war)—"The Spaniards fired at random."

Smith—"Well, I'll bet they didn't hit it."

She (coming up suddenly)—"Where did that wave go?"

He (coughing and struggling)—"I swallowed it."

Visitor—"How much the baby resembles its mamma?"

Father—"Yes; it talked when it was only six months old."

A young lady wrote some verses for a paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print as "My 30th."

Mrs. O'Flannigan—"Ain't yer afraid yer bye Dinny will git kilt in the war?"

Mrs. O'Flaherty—"Not a bit of it. Sure he's on wan of thim proticted cruisers."

Officer—"How is this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you call him names."

Private Murphy—"Plaze, sur, I niver called him any names at all. All I said was, 'Sergeant,' says I, 'some of us ought to be in the menagerie.'"

First Wretch—"How's your wife, old man?"

Second Wretch—"Splendid! Got a bad cold; she can't speak above a whisper."

Mrs. Hunt—"You surprise me! I didn't know that Miss Flash was a college graduate."

Mrs. Blunt—"You didn't? Why, she's one of the alumnus of Vassar College."

Indignant Woman—"This dog I bought of you came near eating my little girl the other day."

Dealer—"Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?"

Indignant Bicycleist—"Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now."

Old Lady—"Sport! Sport! You foolish dog, come here! Them ain't bones. Them's legs."

"Say, pa," asked the little son of a railway conductor, "what's an exchequer?"

"An ex-checker!" exclaimed the ticket puncher.

"Why, that must be a retired baggageman."

Very Stout Lady (watching the lion being fed)—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for such a big animal."

Attendant (with most stupendous show of politeness)—"I s'pose it does seem like a little meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

"Why is a great, strong man like you going about begging?" asked a lady of a tramp, who begged for a penny.

"Ah, madam," replied the tramp, "mine is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."

John—"What about the Indiana woman who is going to kiss every man who votes for her for mayor?"

Tom—"I shall have to see her before I can tell whether she is working for her party or against it."

Oh, where did the "linseed oil?"

And where did the "sugar camp?"

What did the sheet "tin-foil?"

And why did the "postage stamp?"

From whence did the "mineral spring?"

And why did the "lemon drop?"

How long did the "wedding ring?"

And who did the "organ stop?"

What made the old "fence rail?"

And why did the "thunder clap?"

What turned the "dinner pail?"

And who heard the "ginger snap?"

A traveler, meeting a settler near a house in the backwoods, the following colloquy occurred:

"Whose house?"

"Noggs."

"What's it built of?"

"Logs."

"Any neighbors?"

"Frogs."

"What's the soil?"

"Bogs."

"The climate?"

"Fogs."

"What do you eat?"

"Hogs."

"How do you catch them?"

"Dogs."

"Haven't I told you," asked the father, "to always tell the truth?"

"Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."

She (poetical)—"Do you notice, darling, what beautiful azure tints the sun lends to the bosom of the ocean?"

He (practical)—"That, my dear, is the dye out of some of those cheap bathing suits."

Charlie—"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, you know."

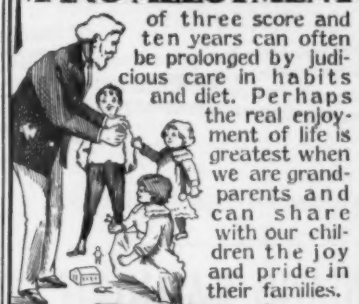
Old Gruff—"Yes; that's where the shorn lamb has the advantage over the fool who takes off his heavy flannels too early in the spring."

Ringer—"I am afraid I gave the colonel a rather disagreeable surprise yesterday, but I didn't mean to at all."

Dingley—"As to how?"

"Why, I invited him to come into the library and see some old papyri I got lately, and from the expressions the colonel dropped I am of the belief that he thought I was going to introduce him to some rye whisky."

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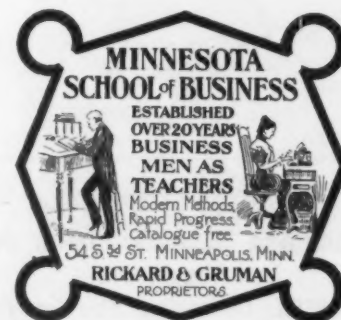
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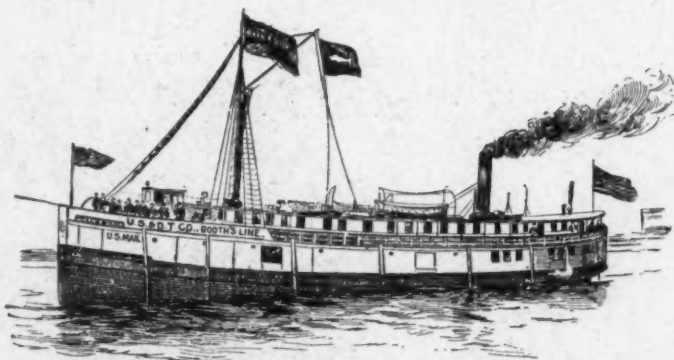
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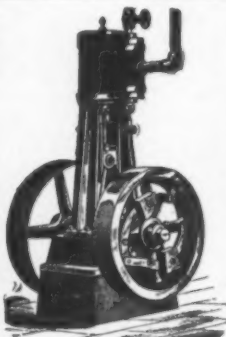
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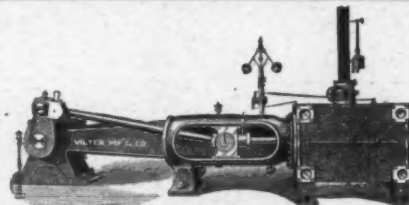
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